THE FLAG OF OUR UNION.

LITERATURE ACCOMPLISHMENTS ARTS AMUSEMENTS NEWS

VOL. X. M. M. BALLOU, CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS. BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1855. TERMS, $2 00 PER ANNUM, 5 CENTS SINGLE. Nº 24.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE

ARROW OF GOLD:

—OR,—

THE SHELL-GATHERER.

A Story that unfolds its own Mysteries and Moral.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SECRETS OF THE CELLS."

CHAPTER I.

In the narrow loop-hole of a ruined tower on the east coast of England, stood a man gazing forth upon the sea, dark and tempest lashed. His eyes were fixed upon a foreign looking barque which for an hour past had been struggling with masterly skill and seamanry on the part of those who manned her, to beat off from the iron rocks which the tower crested. It was near sunset, and the low clouds cast artificial night over all, and through the gloom the three top sails of the ship shone spectrally white. The waves were high, and the wind terrific.

The watcher had been for half an hour observing the movements of the stranger, not with the nervous and humane anxiety which most men would manifest in beholding fellow-men in dire peril, and possibly on the verge of imminent destruction, but the expression of his face was cold and stern. His appearance was that of one high born, with that finished severity of profile, intellectual outline of head and haughty air, that often or is associated with the imperative character of nobles accustomed to have the will executed, than of men of lesser degree. Command and obedience, life long exercised, stamp their distinctive seal upon the carriage of the head, the movement of the eyes, the bearing and step.

This man was clearly of high rank. Yet the tower was a ruin, and its situation desolate upon a spur of the rocky coast that projected half a mile into the deep bay, and so lonely a wild was it, that the peasant people gave it the name of the "Devil's Castle."

Its origin was remote beyond the reach of tradition or record. Wild and horrifying tales were connected with its history. For many years past it had not been inhabited, and in lack of heirs had escheated to the crown, which left it to crumble to dust. Yet one tower remained in good preservation. It had been the donjon-keep of the old baronial lords. Beneath it men said were dungeons that went as far into the depths of the rock as the tower rose above the surface.

In a seaward loop-hole of this donjon tower, stood this strange, stern man, gazing upon the sea and the storm, and the imperilled barque, with an expression of freezing satisfaction. He was enfolded in a large, well worn Welsh cloak, and a low crowned Cornish hat flapped in the wind over his eyes.

"They do it bravely. But they will go down. Their skill and courage avail not. They were born to die, and their ship to have its end. What avails contest for life? Ten or seventy years longer for a man to live! What are they in the measure of the eternities past and before us? Men are but worms, and of no more value! They strive for a few years with fate, and perish! Why not perish to night those men of despair in yonder ship? why not to night, as well as forty years hence? 'Twill be the same in the end! Ah, they have missed stays! The gale has her in the teeth! She drives landward! They may now fold their hands, say their last prayer—as well to-day, as any time—and go down to the bottom of the sea! For what is a man dead, better than a dead fish?"

The expression of his cold, cynical face, denoted the total loss of human faith, hope, confidence and trustfulness.

"You speak like a fool, my lord!" said a shrill voice behind him.

He betrayed no surprise, nor turned his head.

"I have not said there is no God, woman!" he answered, with a sneer on his dark and haughty yet handsome face.

"As much. If man dead be no more than a fish dead, then there can be no God!"

"What knowest thou? Leave me! Or rather stay, if thou wouldst like to see men die with drowning, calling on God, who hears never the cry!"

"Thou art an infidel! Hadst thou believed, thou wouldst not now have been an outlaw, and hiding here to save thy head."

"Nay, I care not for my head; but I would not like the king to have the sweet satisfaction of getting it. I love him not well enough to bestow voluntarily such a present on his majesty. But as for death, it were the same now or next century. Were a man's life ten thousand years, yet compared with eternity, it were but a day—a moment—a nothing—so it were the same to us, whether we have ten thousand years, a day, a moment, or not at all; for existence measured by time is annihilation embraced by eternity. So, whether we live or die, with this awful eternity stretching away around us, it is all one, for we become nothing."

"My lord," said the intruder, who was an old woman, whose aspect was wild, and whose age was evidently very great, "you will never prosper. Life in time is given to man to make use of to live in eternity. When I saw thee a child, and heard thy infant prayers go up at thy beauteous and holy mother's knee, I little believed to see thee in manhood an atheist."

"Go, good Alice, go! Look you to the supper. Perchance some of this crew may be washed ashore and will crave food. Bestir thee, and if thou wilt discourse theology, talk with thy cat! Hark! Hearest thou that sound? They fire guns of distress! They pray to God with their lips, and call on men with the mouths of cannon! By the rood! men's ears will get the sounds sooner than they will reach heaven."

"Lord Robin, thou art wicked enough to bring the red lightnings down on this old tower and topple us all over into the seething sea below! Carest thou for naught?"

"Nay, nurse good one, I will not shock thy faith. Albeit, I marvel that thou hast any Christianity in thy soul, since they say thou art a witch and hast compacts and covenants with Sathanas! They do say thou hast bought a thousand years o' life, over and above, and for this guerdon sold him thy soul. But I heed not these slanders, thou knowest," added Lord Robin, with a slight smile passing over his cold visage. "I like thee, because thou wert my nurse in childhood; and I thank thee after thou wert grown old, and hadst got such reputation for dealings with evil spirits, thou hast given me shelter in this old dungeon, whither the hatred of thy race hath driven thee. But watch the ship. Hear how bellow their guns! and the blue smoke jets out and appears for an instant, and then vanishes into thin air like the prayers of the poor wretches on board."

"If it were possible to serve them, my Lord Robin," said the old nurse, with an anxious gaze upon the vessel which was now driving towards the cliff! "If there were but a boat and strong men to go in it!"

"And what avail! Let them die to day and they will not not live and sin to-morrow," answered the nobleman. "And die they will, for nothing can save them! Go!"

His attention was now fixed upon the barque. The mariners, finding that it was in vain to try longer to weather the lee shore, seemed to be seeking out a place to drive upon where the shape of the shore offered the best chances for escape. The commander could be seen at the helm steering firmly towards a beach at the foot of the excavated steps that anciently led from the castle to the sea side. Lord Robin, from his elevation, could look down upon her decks as a bird flying over would see them. There were a score of men visible who were stationed at ropes; and astern was a group composed of two ladies, a lad and one old gentleman, whose white locks blew wildly in the gale. They were clinging together as one family, the females kneeling as though in prayer. The nobleman thought he discovered an infant folded to the bosom of one of them.

"Poor souls! poor babes!" cried the old woman, wringing her hands with emotion as she peered over his shoulder out of the loop hole, and looked down on the stormy whirl of waters, through which the vessel was driving with fatal speed.

The helmsman, aided by two men, in vain tried to ease the barque upon the sand-spit. The current swirling past the cliff head, drew her broadside with greater force than the wind drove her forward, and she was blown like a feather towards the cliff, the water at the base of which was two hundred fathoms deep.

The helmsman, with a gesture of despair, quitted his post, and for a moment, all was confusion and running to and fro, quick casting of casks and planks overboard to swim with, while the shrieks and cries of the more terrified rose above the roar of the storm. Lord Robin watched with a fixed mouth and cold eye, yet not without interest, the consummation of the tragedy beneath him. The barque struck head on against the cliff side, rebounded, and her masts went by the board. Another dash against the rock broke her in two amidships, and down went the after part with half a score of living souls, whose wails were their only requiem. The forecastle, crowded with seamen, remained above the waves only a few moments longer, when, with a plunge, the huge fragment went perpendicularly down.

The face of the noble changed not. The old woman uttered a cry of horror and hid her face.

"Look, my Lord Robin! Does any one swim?"

"Swim, woman? When lead swims, then men will swim in such a cauldron as this! Dead all! And why not? Men are born for this very thing—to die! Matters it not, therefore, when or how, in fire or in water? Beshrew us! they will rest as quiet in the deep sea as in the graveyard! Prayers nor guns saved them!"

"Lord Robin, you make me, wicked as I am, shudder! I know that the prayers of men will pierce heaven, through its walls be made of iron, and its floors of brass. He that made the ear, shall he not hear?"

"Then why died these, if Heaven heard?"

"Because Heaven is wiser than we are. It were best they should perish, or they would have been heard in their strong cries to God for help."

"You are a fatalist, old Alice; you call me a deist; let both pass!" answered the noble, with a slight laugh. "What seest thou down there, that thou creenest thy scraggy neck so, and strainest thy rheumy eyes?"

"A mortal being battling with the waves!"

"A plank or a spar tossed by the billows?"

"Nay, but a living man! I see him throw out his arms with strong beating of the waves that each moment roll over him!"

"I see him! There are two! He carries on his arm a child! But they will not live five minutes!"

"Can we not save them?"

"Save? Have you a rope fourscore fathoms long, to cast to him, woman? Already he has sunk with his burden. Well, better death now, than to live to manhood for the child; for death would come at last. Look ye! The sea is conqueror! The blind waves o'ermaster men made in the image of God! Canst thou read me this riddle?"

But the woman had left him, and he was alone. He continued to watch the sea, and the play of the forked lightnings that darted from the clouds with incessant arrows of fire, while the deep howl of the remote thunder continued ceaselessly echoing along the cliffs. At length night gathered over the deep, and at intervals, the lightning revealed in the offing a small schooner closely reefed and laying to.

"There will anon be another wreck and another tragedy for man to play his part in," he said, half aloud. "Life is only a battle for life—men are hunted by death from the moment they are born; and life is a continual flight and pursuit; but the pursuer at last is victor."

The nobleman left the loop-hole and called to the old Dame Alice; but only echoes returned his voice as it reverberated through the tower. He descended a flight of stone steps and entered a low apartment, where fitfully blazed a fire on which boiled an iron pot. There was a rude table, and a bench and keg, and a cot of dried sea-weed in the room. This was the abode of the old woman who had dwelt here after getting a reputation as a witch, partly to keep up that fame by the loneliness of her abode, and partly to secure a shelter. The highest peasant's hut was half a league distant. Beyond that the country was wild and heath-like; but ten miles over the waste the towers of a city rose to the eye, and pleasanter fields environed it.

The outlawed noble, for such he was, had a few weeks before sought this secluded tower in which she had so long dwelt alone. Here he was protected and sheltered by its very desolation, as well as by the evil reputation of Alice. The old woman had received him without a question, for in former years she had been his foster nurse. And so we find them living, hostess and guest, on the night of our story.

Passing out a low door, the nobleman entered a more airy chamber which he occupied. Its furniture was rude enough, comprising only a mattress and one broken stool. There were a few Latin books, and some papers and a pen lying on the stool. A window opened from it towards the cliffs, without casement, and through it the storm blew with violence. It was a desolate and inappropriate abode for a man with the air of rank and command such as he possessed; but crime drives men to share the lair of wild beasts; for when men violate the laws of the land, they are cast forth of men to consociate like Nebuchadnezzar, with the beasts of the field. How dreadful the condition of a man who fears to meet a man! Such a wretch is isolated, and the earth is a place of punishment of almost inexpressible anguish.

Lord Robin feared the sight of man. He threw himself upon his couch, and after tossing restlessly for an hour, fell asleep. As he slept, the blaze from the fire in the adjoining room flashed upon and lighted up his face. Sleep, as death will, had removed the experience of a guilty soul from the outward features, which were now calm, noble and strikingly handsome. The wicked heart within betrayed nothing on the surface. The face of the sleeping and the face of the waking man were two opposite ones. Awake, his brow was dark and beat, his eyes fierce and watchful, his lips sternly compressed; his whole form elate with the strength of powerful fancies. He slept with the severe repose of the dead. The storm passed over and the noon poured a flood of light into the gloomy chamber. The winds ceased to sweep around the tower. It was past midnight. Lord Robin had been some hours asleep when a step was heard on the tower stair, and the next moment old Alice appeared, carrying in her arms a young child. She hurried with it to the fire, all the while muttering:

"Sweet angel! you shall yet come to life, and smile on me! Never was such a face of beauty! You shall be mine, little body, if you come to! You want warmth! Ho, my lord! Ho! Up and help me chafe the hands! He sleeps like a rock! Let him rest! He may refuse to let the child be brought to! I will let him alone!"

Then she proceeded to rub the little girl, a fair child of four years, with a face as white as marble, and of wonderful beauty. Her golden hair was wet and hanging in rich perfume all over her shoulders. "She looks like a little angel that has fallen from the skies into the sea, and would have been drowned but for me!" said the dame, continuing to rub her and keep her feet by the fire; and from a little crevice in the chimney she drew a vial, out of which she poured a liquid with which she moistened her lips and nostrils. The lovely child soon after evinced signs of reviving, and in half an hour opened her eyes, looked around, smiled, and extending her hands, articulated "mamma," and then sank to sleep.

She is safe! All is well! She will awake quite herself," cried the dame, with joy. Poor babe! Her mais in the deep sea, and she dreams of being in her arms! It was a perilous work to get her as she floated ashore on the dead man's body, who, though dead, was her safety by her clinging to him. If I had not caught her as she was driving past the rock in the eddy, she would never have breathed again. She is now mine! I will make a fairy of her. She shall learn to tell fortunes, and I will make the poor ignorant country folk believe she is a spirit. She will make old Alice's fortune, and when she grows up to be a young lady, I will give her all my riches for a dowry, and marry her to some lord—nay, a prince would not be too high for her! But what is here on the floor? A necklace as I live, and all of gold and precious stones! This is a prize. I must quickly hide it from Lord Robin, for he needs money! The child is of good lineage, of a surety; and her dress is of the richest cloth!"

The old woman bent over the child, and for some time watched it sleeping on her knees as softly as it lay in its mother's arms. She then removed it carefully to her rough couch and lay down by its side, though first hiding the necklace in a secure place from her guest.

Lord Robin could not sleep. Dreams, reaching some fearful climax would many times in the night cause him to utter a cry of distress, and to leap upright upon the floor. In one of these, he awoke not long after the old woman had fallen into deep sleep.

"Is there no rest, sleeping or waking, for me?" he cried. "By day my memory tortures me, and by night I live over again the accursed past! Like an avenging spirit, the apparition of my murdered father haunts my sleep! Would God I could keep awake and ever look about me, and so let external objects draw off my thoughts from this dread within! Cold drops stand on my brow, and my frame trembles with horror!"

The nobleman, in his irregular movements up and down the stone floor, passed unconsciously through the wide arch that afforded communication between the room occupied by the dame, and was there pacing to and fro, deep in his dark thoughts, when he suddenly stopped, with an exclamation!

A broad stream of moonlight poured through the lofty lattice, like a silver river, and fell brightly upon the face of the sleeping child! It lighted up its golden hair, lent a radiance of supernatural glory to its fair brow, and revealed a face such as seraphs must have in heaven! Lord Robin paused and gazed as if he had seen a vision. He held his breath and remained motionless, as if he feared a step would cause it to vanish. Save the face of the child, all else was in obscurity, the bed, the muffled head of the old dame—and out of, and from the midst of the darkness, was revealed the lovely sight, such as Lord Robin thought could not appertain to earth.

"If sleeping demons have been permitted to visit me, and madden me with horrors unspeakable," he said, mentally, "waking, I behold an angel! Yet this fair sight must be human, for I see the moving lips and smile of one pleasantly dreaming; and the living heart lifts the vestment with its undulations! I will draw near and see what means this sweet vision."

He bent over the lovely child. Its rich hair was still wet. He wondered whence it had come. A slight frown contracts its forehead. A troubled look crosses the face.

"Mama! dear papa! Let me not drown!" it murmurs, and turns restlessly.

The careful dame even in her sleep seemed to hear and be conscious of her precious charge. For without waking, she seemed to answer:

"I will save the babe! I will throw out the line as the under-tow drives the dead man this way! I have it! The line catches the body by the arm, and the noose holds close and fast. It comes shoreward. I reach it! I take off the child from his arm, and drag it from the jaws of the waves! Away darts the dead body, which has been so good and safe a ship for bearing this babe to land. Heaven shrive thy soul, brave sailor! This child, if it live, shall be taught a prayer for thee! Fear not, babe! You shall have a mother in old Alice!"

Here the old woman, who had in her sleep lived over again her good deed and given it words, passed her arm over the child with unconscious instinct of preservation and tender solicitude.

"I see! I need not ask whence came this fair child? Alice hath saved it from the sea. Hapless child! Surely the decree of fate that cast thee on these rocks, hath bestowed beforehand beauty on thee that would disarm misanthropy. Though my race has cast me out from its bosom, and I am at war with mankind, yet will I make exception and love thee, child! Already thy sweet face hath touched my heart, and thy loveliness appealed to my manhood."

His dark eyes rivetted upon her seemed to magnetize her; for feeling that mysterious influence which makes us conscious of being looked closely upon, even in sleep, she started, awoke, opened her large, glorious eyes, and fixed them full upon his own.

"Pa, my dear papa!" she exclaimed, in a voice of love and delight; and extended her arms towards him.

"An omen of good!" he murmured. "I will henceforth be to her as a father." And stooping towards her, he kissed her and folded her with emotion to his heart.

"Yes, my beautiful child, I am indeed your father."

No sooner did she hear him speak, than she uttered a sharp cry of terror, and struggled so to free herself from him, that Alice awoke.

"What—ho, my lord, do you seek to kill the child?" she shrieked, springing upon him and fastening her long fingers upon his throat.

"Off—wretch! Release me!" and he flung her back upon the bed, and taking the child, which was now intensely alarmed and trembling with all the sensibility of mortal fear, at finding herself in such a place and company, and environed by such violence, he attempted to soothe her. She looked from one to the other, and then flying from him, cast herself upon the breast of the old woman, and hid her face crying:

"Keep me—take care of me—the dreadful man is not my pa! I know you are good, if you are old and ugly; for you speak so. Let him not take me."

"Sathanas himself may have her for me, woman," answered the outlaw, his rage fairly aroused. "Even," he added, "even a child reads crime on my brow, or hears guilt in my voice, and shuns me for such a living as thou art."

As he spoke, sounds upon the water made him go to the loop hole and look out, when he saw a schooner just laying to within a quarter of a mile of the cliff, her snowy sails shining broadly and bright in the moon, which was so brilliant as to reveal her deck dark with men, and warlike with guns.

CHAPTER II.

"This bodes me no good," was the thought that passed across the mind of the outlawed noble, as he gazed from his loop-hole in the ruined tower down upon the armed schooner as she lay to, clearly visible in the bright moonlight. "Doubtless my retreat is suspected, or Dame Alice, for gain, hath betrayed my shelter; and this vessel hath been sent to take me prisoner. What other motive could it have in visiting this inhospitable iron coast and coming to off the castle? See! a boat is dropped from her quarter. Men filled! I see the gleam of arms, and even the ringing of steel comes clearly to the ear. They give way and pull towards the spit of sand! This is no place for me, if they seek me! Ho, Alice! up with thee! Here come armed men ashore, and will soon be climbing up to the tower!"

The old woman was at once to her feet, the fair child clinging to her and casting glances of fear and wonder towards Lord Robin. She whispered to her:

"It is papa's face—but not papa's voice! Let him not touch me!"

"He shall not harm thee, child!" answered the woman, as she looked down from the window. After a moment's scrutiny, she said:

"It is a king's vessel, my lord! I know her well. He who commands her is a young lord, and has a mother living not far away hence, towards the great town inland ayond the heath; and every year in his cruise he cometh to land here to visit her. Thou hast naught to fear."

"Is what thou sayest true, woman?" he demanded, with a searching glance.

"Yes, Lord Robin, true and fair! Would I deceive you?"

"You might," he muttered, "if you knew my crime; albeit, you nursed me when a child!"

"Whatever it be, God will judge thee, not I! It is not for a poor mortal like me to avenge and punish."

"I mistrust the boat, not thee, Alice. Thou mayest be mistaken! They are landing. I must conceal myself. What place knowest thou in thy old tower here, safer than another? But let me assure the child that I love and will protect her!"

The fair little stranger drew back and cried with fear. "Go away—I am afraid. You are not my dear pa!"

"And yet why will you not love me, sweet child?"

"Because you look wicked! God doesn't love you, and I can't!"

"Curses even of innocence follow me!" he said, with a deep oath of rage. And advancing towards her he grasped her by the arm, and tearing her from Dame Alice, cried, "I will make you love me, whether God loves me or not! Back, old woman! I am fleet of foot and strong of arm. Pursue me in my flight and you peril your life! If I am to be driven from men, I will have at least one thing to love and to be loved by. The desolation of a heart unloved and unloving, is too dreadful to bear. Release my arms!"

"Never, my lord! Do you not see the child dreads you? This violence is not the way to make her love you. And you will not escape these armed men burdened by this little girl. After they are gone and you are safe, I will give you up the child, and you may teach her what you will."

"Be it so!" he answered, yielding. "Hark! I hear those men near! Secreto me, and betray me not," he said, quickly.

"This way, Lord Robin," she replied; but her face was strangely altered in its expression.

He followed her along a passage between the walls of the tower and a row of half ruined apartments. Descending a flight of steps, she came to a stone door which led into a deep excavation made in the rock on which the tower stood.

"Enter here, my lord. The door is so shaped that when shut it is invisible, and to the hand and eye there seems to be only the face of the cliff."

"How long wilt thou keep me here, woman?" he asked, hesitating to enter, yet acting with decision as he heard voices above.

"Until they are gone."

"Get them soon off, for this dungeon is damp and dark as a grave. But so I am safe—I am content to occupy it a few hours. Have them soon away."

"Trust my wits, my lord."

"Let me have the child—they may steal it from thee!"

"No, no, I will not go in!" cried the child, firmly.

"Nay, I will see that they do nothing of that kind," she answered, after a moment's startled thought. "Farewell, my lord, till I can assure thee of thy safety."

Thus saying she swung the door heavily to, and forced in the stone bolt, which so fitted as to be undistinguishable from the door, which was cut into the irregular shape of the varying grain of the rock, so that it was rather a fragment artificially cut out of the rock than a shapely door.

"What cowards guilt makes of men! Once he had a lion's courage—and now he flies and hides under ground like a mole, at the sight of men he never saw! And because all men are his foes, he would make this sweet child love him—and yet would win her love with a tiger's fawning. Fairy," she added, as she led the trembling child along lightly up the dark passage with a torch of pine, "sweet fairy, you must not tremble. I am your friend! I will make you so happy. He shall not come near you."

"I can't be happy. I must see my ma! I can't be happy with you. Where is my dear ma? Where is the ship? This is not the ship. I saw pa in the water. Where is he and my ma?"

"You shall soon see them," she said soothingly. "Here come men. Don't be afraid of them."

But before she could prevent it, the little girl darted away from her and hid in the darkness. She was going to pursue her, when two men, one an officer in the British naval uniform, came close upon her. She was instantly seized and commanded not to give any alarm.

"Your name is Dame Elsy?" said the officer, who while speaking, was joined by four more men, with pistols in their hands, and one or two dark lanterns.

"Alice, not Elsy," she answered. "And Alice or Elsy, what do you want with a lone poor dame, who has no other home left on earth than this old tower, shared with the owls and bats?"

"And with a companion beside," significantly said the officer, who was a man of thirty, brown with years of sea-exposure, and stern in voice and eye with years of command over men. There was, however, a frank, nautical air about him, singularly prepossessing.

"What other than a poor woman like me would live here, captain?" she answered evasively.

"Not of choice. Where is the man whom you have sheltered for some weeks?"

"Man?"

"Be open and truth-telling, or it will go hard with thee!" said the officer, sternly.

"Whom do you look for?"

"Your former master, Lord Robert Clan William! We know he is here, or has been here, waiting to escape by sea."

"Yes—he was here, but—he's escaped for safety. When he saw you coming ashore, he fled!"

"Knowest thou whither? Speak out, woman, if thou wouldst thyself escape."

"He is my master!" she said with hesitation, and looking with fear upon the drawn swords and eager faces about her.

"Quickly—say whither he went—or your own life will pay the forfeit for harboring a murderer!"

"Whom hath Lord Robin slain?"

"His father, with poison!"

"His father?" she repeated with horror.

"No less a crime! Besides, treason against the state hath been discovered since he fled."

"Slain his father! I believed he died in his bed a natural death, a year ago!"

"So all men believed. But it is come out now that he was poisoned, and the disentombed body hath borne its own witness, which hearing of, caused the parricide to seek safety in flight, and desert all the honors, the name, and title, and wealth, to enter upon the possession of which, before his time, tempted him to the great crime of a father's murder; and now I have told thee so much, for thou seemest to be a woman of sense and intelligence, above thy wretched lot here, I will add, that his papers left behind, unfolded a treasonable correspondence with France, in prospect of the threatened invasion. Wicked and powerful, he was secretly the state's arch enemy, and used the wealth he had got by bringing about his father's cruel death, to forward his views. Such a man should receive no shelter from his kind. Reveal at once where he has concealed himself; for information is clear that he is in the tower; for our spies on land have watched closely all avenues, days before we reached here; and have seen him, and we know he is still here. But what lovely child is this?" the officer exclaimed, as the little girl, gathering confidence as she listened, in the speaker, and prompted by instinct, suddenly ran forward from her hiding-place, and caught him by the hand! With thrilling tones of voice, she cried:

"Sir, good, dear officer, take me away from this dreadful place and wicked people! The woman is little good—but I don't want to stay with her. Don't you know my ma? I have been drowned and they are drowned, or I should see them! I never was away from my pa and ma before! I know you are good, and will not hurt me!"

The officer pressed her soft hands with which she clasped his, bent down and kissed her, and said, gently:

"You are safe with me! I will take you home. Woman, how came you by this lovely child?"

"I took her dripping from the sea, last night! She was the only soul saved from the wreck of the barque."

"You did well! (so the vessel did go ashore in the storm, as we feared," he added, turning to his lieutenant). "You must give up this child to me, and tell me at once where this Lord Robert is?"

"Never will I give up the child. She is mine!" cried the woman, and springing towards the little girl as she was held by the officer, released her with sudden violence, and darted with her along the dark passages of the tower, and was out of sight before pursuit could fairly begin, so unexpected was the bold act.

"Give chase, my men!" called out the officer. "Take some of you one way and some of you the other, while you, lieutenant, will go outside and intercept her. I will take the way she has gone!"

The shrieks of the child, which sounded as if she was endeavoring to suppress them by force, were a sure guide, and Dame Alice was soon overtaken as she was ascending a broken stairway towards the top of the tower. Upon seeing the captain close upon her, she bounded upward, and reached the open floor of the tower which was now roofless. The next moment she was standing upon the projecting stone cap of a buttress. Below, two hundred feet of wall and cliff in sheer descent, rolled the surges with the roar of thunder against the rock.

"Advance one step, sir captain, and I cast the child into the sea whence I took it! No power shall rob me of my right! If I may not keep her for my old years to love, no one shall have her."

The officer stood transfixed with indecision. That she would fulfil her word her resolute looks clearly convinced him. He was about to parley with her, when the child made a spring towards him; the sudden movement caused her to lose her balance, to recover which, she instinctively released her hold upon it. The child fell upon the very edge of the tower with its face and hands inward, and its feet hanging over the frightful gulf. The officer quickly caught her by one hand, as she was balancing between life and death, and drew her in upon the tower floor, but with such rescuing violence that she fell senseless from fright and pain at his feet. At the same instant the woman, unable to recover herself, madly beat the air with her bony hands. But in vain her superhuman efforts. With an expression of indescribable despair upon her face, she suddenly shrieked with an appalling cry, and losing her footing, reeled and pitched headlong out of sight.

The officer echoed her shriek with a voice of horror; and bending over, saw her descending, turning over and over in her progress, until she struck the sea and disappeared in its depth.

"Rather thyself, old dame, than this fair child, whom thou wouldst have cast over to this dreadful death! Thou wilt rest sound enough a-neath the wave till Gabriel's trump. And now, my sweet little angel, I trust thou art not seriously hurt by my flinging thee so rudely down as I caught thy hand; but it was my only chance for thee!"

And he laid down the torch which he had held until now, to raise her up. At this crisis he was rejoined by his lieutenant, and hastening with their lovely burden down to the court, where there was a well of water, they speedily revived her with its refreshing coldness. When she came to, she looked fearfully around, and then said:

"O, let her not have me! She will kill me, and drown me in the sea!"

"No—do not fear, my sweet child," he said, tenderly. "She is dead, herself, in the sea! You shall soon be safe with a kind mother, and with everybody who will love you and pet you, and make you forget your sorrow and tears."

"O, shall I? O, take me to dear mother! I haven't seen her since she was in the big ship in the naughty storm!"

"Go at once to the hamlet inn, Antonio," said the officer, "and order three horses for me! Have them here at once. 'Tis but three miles."

This order was addressed to his servant, a young Spanish lad of eighteen (whose life's story in itself was full of romance enough for a tale, if we had time to tell it), who, answering, "Si, senor," quickly disappeared on his errand.

The officer now laid his cloak folded upon a stone bench, and placing the little girl upon it with tenderness, soothed her with promises of soon being at home. In a little time she fell asleep, with her head upon his arm.

"Was ever created thing so lovely?" he said, half aloud, as he gazed upon her. "An orphan child of the sea! Of good lineage and noble is she, if beauty and perfection of hand and foot are signs of blood. But I must not idle here. Now that that old witch's tongue is silent, we cannot learn from *her* this outlawed noble's hiding-place. Let us search the tower thoroughly, Percy," he said to his young lieutenant; "and as it is now daybreak, we shall have light to aid us."

A search was now instituted of the closest character. More than once those who sought the noble passed the wall wherein he was concealed. He heard their voices, and gathered enough to know that they were, indeed, as his fears foretold, looking for him. He thanked old Alice in his heart for the secure place in which she had so carefully hidden him, and feeling secure, he laid down on the hard rock to try to get some rest, trusting that when he awaked, his pursuers would have left the tower. Suddenly a shriek far above him in the air, startled him! Then a dark body passed like a descending rock by a little window in the cliff. He was unable what to make of it. But it was the falling body of the woman! Again he slept. When he next awaked, they *had* departed. It was high noon, and they had been gone two hours—Captain Manners, satisfied that the nobleman had escaped him by leaving the tower at the outset, on seeing him land. Lord Robin could see that it was day by a light that came through the breathing hole, or small window, in the rock, that looked towards the sea. It was not large enough to put his head out of, yet sufficiently so to afford him light and air, and a prospect of the ocean; and even, by putting his face close to it, he could discern the topmasts of the armed schooner laying-to under the cliff.

"Their vessel is not yet gone! Perhaps Alice waits till they sail fairly off before she comes to let me out! So I am discovered at last! They know my hiding-place! Could the woman have betrayed it for their gold! But it may not be, since she hides me from them! I will wait with patience! Better be here a time than in a king's prison, or on the scaffold, with a block of wood for my pillow! When I get out again, I will take the first ship I can reach for the wilds of America! There, they tell me, men question not men! All are free to come and go; and the laws of the old world have not arms long enough to reach their fugitives. Here I have been like a lion caged—there I will be like the lion free in his retired forests! Ho! Alice! Nay, I must not call too loud! My foes may yet be near. But I hunger, and am perishing for water! I will try and rest again—and in sleep forget I am here!"

But he could not repose. He walked up and down his cavern, beneath the foundations of the tower, and ever and anon paused and listened at the door! He would then try it, and endeavor to open it, but it moved no more than the rock out of which it was cut. He then looked out of his little crevice upon the sea. The vessel was sailing easily along under main, foresail and jib, the breeze light, evidently waiting for her boat's crew and officers. By this he was assured that they must be searching for him in the vicinity of the tower.

So hours passed on. He grew impatient, and then anxious. He was instantly passing between the little window in the rock and the door of rock. The blood red rays of the setting sun fell slanting into his hiding-place. The sea was crimson with its beams. To his great joy, he saw the schooner come out from under the cliff, with her boats all aboard, and with her canvass set alow and aloft, steer seaward. This sight caused him to forget his day of torture and anxiety. As the schooner receded, his heart grew lighter, and he breathed freer.

"They are full a league away now, and are leaving, giving up the search. It has been a hard day's purchase this pleasing sight. Now I shall soon be released! Already the shades of evening veil her from my sight, and the stars begin to sparkle above the waves. Ho! Alice—dame—good dame, Alice!" he shouted, as he approached and shook at the door.

"Come and open!"

He listened, and shouted again:

"Woman! nurse! Alice! I am hungry, and thirsting for water! Haste and open! The vessel is two leagues away—and where dost thou loiter?"

He listened, but heard no sound save that of the dashing of the waves, as it was borne upward to his ear from the base of the cliff.

It grew darker in the cavern each moment, and he finally shouted, at the full top of his deep voice, sharpened by anger and half-awakened suspicion:

"Hag of a woman! Ho, hillo! Why do you not come and open this door, and let me forth? Shall I be left to die?"

"Die!" answered a distant echo from the vault's galleries.

He paused, amazed! It seemed the voice of a mocking demon. Fear and suspicion had already begun to be formed in his mind—mere shadows, at first, flitting across his thoughts. At length, he put them into the shape of words, as he paced fiercely to and fro, at intervals stopping to utter a loud shout.

"What if she has been carried off, and is now a captive in the vessel I saw so gladly leaving the coast! If so, I rejoice at my own destruction, for only she knows where I am—only she can open my door! Yet, wherefore should they take her? They seek only me! Perhaps—perhaps"—he gasped, "she has been slain, for I heard a fierce cry and sound of distress, and her voice! Perhaps, she has only fled, and will return soon! I will try and think so! I will not dwell on the worst side of the dread alternatives! I will wait. I will be composed. I will be content to pass this night here, and in the morning, she will be here! Come to my aid, patience! Strengthen me, manhood and courage! Away, cowardly fears and apprehensions and timid suspicions. I will let the morning bring all to pass. So! it is hard resting, on hunger for a couch, and thirst for a coverlid; but it is better than the king's prison. Better the ills I have than those I might have!"

Thus soliloquizing, he concentrated the energy of a spirit of no ordinary strength of character, and with a calm, though rigid aspect, stood leaning by the hole in the rock, and gazed quietly out upon the stars. There was a slight breeze which poured in at the crevice and cooled his feverish brow. The wind at the same time blew outward, from a rough spur of the external rock, a shred, like a streaming pennon, which flapped between him and the evening sky. It attracted his attention, and he at length extended his arm, and, disengaging it from the sharp needle of the rock, drew it in.

"What is this? A fragment of cloth, and intermingled with hair—human hair! How can this have come here! No human being could have passed out of this small crevice and left it clinging to the rock! Doubtless some wretch has fallen, or leaped, from the tower above, and their clothes have caught in the descent, and shreds have been left here. Well, they are at peace! The only good of this life is that it has death at the end!"

He cast the long hair and fragment on the floor, and soon forgot it! though at intervals he would wonder if the dark body he had seen falling in the morning, like lightning, past his loop-hole, had not been a human body.

All night, he walked the cavern. The secrets of his meditations, who may reveal! Who knoweth the things of the spirit of man but the spirit of man within him! A life-time may be reviewed in a wakeful night! Thoughts go swifter than pens, and thoughts write out volumes on the memory with immeasurable rapidity. The acts of a long life, good and evil, the thoughts can volume in a few hours. When wicked men are wakeful, they read themselves! They are their own book. Read—read—read they must! They may shut their eyes, but the eyes of the soul close never, and read on and read ever, whether the outward man will or no! This terrible, ceaseless reading of the life is what makes a night of wakefulness so dreadful to bad men! So, Lord Robin passed the long night with the blazing eyes of his soul perusing the acts of his life, to which the ever open ears of his conscience were vainly tried to be closed. At length, day came. The sun rose, and the gloom of his cavern was dispelled. Hunger and thirst now made him frantic. He shouted for dame Alice. With his dagger twisted into the close joint, he tried to open the stone door, but broke the steel at the first trial. He began to utter execrations upon the woman, and to charge her with wilful desertion, when his eyes fell on the piece of dress. He took it up from the floor, and instantly recognized it as a part of the gown she had worn; and the long gray and black hair, which he saw was torn up by the roots from the head, he knew was hers.

For a few moments, he remained stupefied with the fearful discovery. The certainty that the body which had fallen down the cliff was that of dame Alice was now clearly apparent to his appalled soul.

"She has perished! They have cast her over the wall, and *my fate is sealed!* I AM BURIED ALIVE!"

This was spoken with a hollow voice, and a face as pale as the marble that effigies the dead of earth. His hand shook, that grasped the lock of hair, and his whole frame was agitated.

"I see it! My doom is sealed! The woman is no more! The secret of my shelter was known to her alone. What said she, as she left me! That the secret of the door was so done, that no eye, no hand could detect, but only those who knew it! The woman is murdered by them—perhaps for refusing to betray me, and I am left to perish—entombed alive!"

He at length, with an aspect of despair scarcely lighted by a ray of hope, surveyed, with a ghastly look, his prison! He walked carefully around it. He examined every irregularity. He inspected the door, and tried to shake it. He threw himself across the room, like a battering ram, against it. He then examined the window. It was scarcely larger than to receive his arm, and the rock was two feet in thickness.

"I must die!" he said, after an hour's restless and frenzied examination of the strength of his hiding-place. "My voice can never be heard, save by the mocking billows. Must I die? Must I perish here day by day? feel death eating at my heart and drying my brain? Nay! I will meet it! I have my dagger left. It shall be my friend, to end my torture ere it begins."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A PRAYER.

BY EFFIE GRAY.

Whilst sailing on the sea of life,
When clouds and storms arise,
I pray for help from him on high,
Who rules all 'neath the skies.

I pray my bark will guided be
By truthfulness and love,
And even if by storms beset,
Arrive at peace above.

EXPLOIT OF A PRIVATEERSMAN.

A writer in the Salem Evening Journal is giving some interesting facts in relation to the marine of Salem in years gone by. Among other things, he gives the subjoined statement of an exploit of one of the Salem privateersmen in 1814.

December 5th, the Macedonian, Captain Penn Townsend, arrived with prize goods and twenty-two prisoners. The way in which the captain came at and captured one of his prizes, is fully elucidated in the following anecdote, the substance of which the writer had from his own lips.

It appears that just after he left the Western Islands, where he had stopped to recruit, and while he was cruising between those islands and Tristan de Acunha, a sail was discovered on his lee bow, towards which he immediately kept away.

Whilst running slowly down, with a light breeze, the lookout-man at the mast head was hailed from the quarter deck as follows:

"Mast head, there!"

"Sir!"

"Do you see that sail now?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

"What does she look like?"

"She looks very large, sir. Guess she's either a frigate or Indiaman."

On hearing this, Captain T. took his glass and went aloft to satisfy himself in regard both to his enemy's strength and calibre. After doing so, he came down from aloft, luffed his vessel up in the wind, sent all his men, with the exception of nine or ten, below, hoisted Dutch colors and kept off again before the wind. Disguising himself so as to appear as much as possible like a Dutch skipper, and having transformed such of his men as remained on deck into very respectable Dutch sailors, Captain T. ran boldly down across the enemy's stern, and coming to under her lee quarter, was hailed as follows:

"Ship ahoy!"

"Hallo."

"What ship is that?"

The name of some Dutch vessel with which the captain was well acquainted, but which we have forgotten, was given in reply, and then Captain T. in broken English, inquired:

"Vot ship ish dat?"

In reply to this, the name of a noted Indiaman was given, with the following addition:

"We are last from Barbary, bound to London, and short of provisions—can't you supply us?"

In answer to this, Captain T. replied in substance, that if the captain of the Indiaman would favor him with a visit, he would see what he could do about it, and in a short time he had the satisfaction of seeing a boat alongside his vessel with the English captain in full uniform, who immediately came on board.

With the utmost politeness and civility of manner, Captain T. invited the stranger into his cabin, as was customary in those days, to take a glass of wine. This invitation was of course immediately accepted, and the captains went below, where the first officer of the Macedonian, as had been previously arranged, acted the part of steward by placing on the table wine and such other refreshments as the larder of the vessel at the time offered.

Then the two skippers sat down to the table, and after pledging each other in a friendly glass of wine, entered into animated but general conversation, in the course of which the Englishman animadverted at considerable length and with much warmth, on the proceedings of a certain privateersman commanded by one Townsend who he solemnly averred was a regular Yankee devil.

At this point of proceedings, Captain T. gave the wink to his steward *pro tem*, who in a clandestine manner handed him a couple of pistols, one of which he instantly presented at the English captain, saying as he did so:

"Sir, you are my prisoner. I am that Yankee devil T. about whom you have been so freely speaking. Choose now whether you will have your brains blowed out or surrender your ship."

Seeing in a moment that all resistance would be utterly useless, the Englishman said:

"I surrender."

Then he gave orders to his 3d lieutenant who had charge of his boat, to return to his vessel and haul down the colors which was immediately done. A prize crew was then put on board and the prisoners were transferred to the Macedonian, and the result was that one of the richest prizes taken during the war arrived safely in the United States.

EARLY EXERCISE.

Dr. Hall, in his Journal of Health, very decidedly condemns the practice of taking out-door exercise early in the morning, and with an empty stomach. The reason he gives for this opinion is, that the malaria which rests on the earth about sunrise in summer, when taken into the lungs and stomach, which are equally debilitated with other portions of the body from the long fast since supper, is very readily absorbed, and enters the circulation within an hour or two, poisoning the blood and laying the foundation for troublesome diseases; while in winter the same debilitated condition of these vital organs readily allows the blood to be chilled, and thus renders the system susceptible of taking cold, with all its varied and too often disastrous results.

A YANKEE TAKEN IN.

An ingenious down-east individual, who has invented a new kind of "love-letter ink," which he has been selling as a safeguard against all actions for breach of promise of marriage, insomuch as it entirely fades from the paper in two months after it is written, was recently "done brown" by a brother down-easter, who purchased a hundred boxes of the article, and gave him his note for ninety days. At the expiration of the time, the inventor called for payment, but, on unfolding the scrip, found nothing but a piece of blank paper. The note had been written with his own ink.—*Portland Transcript.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE HOUSE OVER THE WAY.

BY H. O. WILEY.

'Tis a tall, white house, and stately,
Untouched by slow decay;
And crowds who walk the busy street,
Pass by its door each day;
But I know that house is haunted,
The house that stands over the way.

And those who dwell in that stately house,
I do know that ghosts they be;
And like shadows through the casements,
Oft their filmy forms I see;
I hear them revel at midnight,
And laugh in their ghoulish glee.

But well I know that they all are ghosts,
And though they seem to be gay,
They stop and shudder whenever they think
How short is the time they can stay.
They'll haunt that house for a little while,
And then they will go away.

THE HEIR OF ALBURN HOUSE.

BY PAUL CREYTON.

By the death of his father, Percival Alburn came into the possession of a very large fortune. Hitherto the young heir had been subjected to the discipline of teachers who curbed his restive propensities, and kept him under continual restraint; but now he resolved to throw off the yoke, and in gaining his liberty, devote himself to the pursuit of pleasure.

Percival did not neglect to pay a proper respect to the memory of his father, who was one of the best of men; as soon, however, as the days of mourning were over, he gathered about him a number of gay companions, whom he chose for their pleasantry, and their devotion to the enjoyment of the moment.

For a short time, in the absence of all care and reflection, the young heir was happy. Field sports by day and revelling by night, occupied his time. Percival Alburn prided himself in keeping the best horses, the best dogs, the best guns, and the choicest liquors which were anywhere to be obtained. His table was the wonder of the country, and his house was hospitably thrown open to all his friends. The old country seat of the Alburns appeared to have undergone a change, metamorphosis, so wildly did the hilarity of the heir contrast with the sobriety of his father. Percival was the moving spirit of the whole, and he was, as I have said, very happy for a time. But the gayest life soon becomes monotonous; the young heir wearied at last of the excitements which were no longer novel or pleasing to his taste.

Percival desired a change.

"It is very plain," said he, yawning when he should have been gay, "a man cannot enjoy himself in the country, where there is no novelty. The city is the only place worthy to become the residence of a man of leisure and means. Let us get away from this dull spot as soon as possible."

Another change came over the old country residence of the Alburns. The revellers had all departed, and only the servants remained. The days were once more quiet, and the glare of light and the sounds of mirth no longer invaded the darkness and stillness of night.

Percival mixed with the gay throngs of the metropolis. In seeking the enjoyments of life he suffered no scruples of conscience to deter him; he drank deep of every fancied source of happiness—exhausted the old pleasures and invented new.

At the end of the year, Percival was more thoroughly disgusted with the city than he had been with the country. He even considered the monotony of the latter preferable to the selfishness, vanity and deceit which corrupt the former. But the thought of returning to the home of his fathers was repugnant to him, and he resolved to travel.

"Complete happiness," said he, "is not to be found in any one spot. It must be sought in a variety of places; it must be obtained through a knowledge of the world."

Young Alburn selected a few travelling companions, noted for their gaiety, intelligence and wit, and set out on his pilgrimage. He sought for happiness in Paris, but he found only a glittering counterfeit, which proved to be hollow. He sought for it then amid Alpine scenes, but it was not there—nor in luxurious Italy, nor in sunny Spain. Neither the north nor the south, nor the east nor the west, nor sea nor land, nor the old world nor the new, afforded him the gem he coveted. Sure, he often saw it in the possession of others, but it was not for him; and whenever he flattered himself that he had seized it at last, it vanished from his grasp.

At length, weary of his fruitless pilgrimage, and sighing for repose, Percival Alburn bethought him that he had never been so near the enjoyment of what he desired as when he entertained his friends in the Alburn House.

"I will return to it," he said, bitterly remembering the waste of life he had made during his voluntary exile; "I will make the most of what happiness remains for me there."

Ten years from the day of his departure, the heir of Alburn House returned to the mansion of his father, a disappointed, melancholy man. The old servants scarcely recognized in the dark brow, hollow cheek, and cold piercing eye of the traveller, the features of the once careless and hilarious heir.

And now Alburn felt that he had entered a dreary wilderness, so cheerless seemed the halls of his fathers. To live alone in such a place was impossible; he would have died of ennui. Accordingly, once more the heir of Alburn gathered around him gay companions, who were quite ready to live upon his bounty, and endure his caprices with never-failing good humor.

Again Alburn House resounded with revelry and mirth. The friends of the heir exhibited a great power of facetiousness in the vain endeavor to make him laugh. He only smiled—bitterly. They drank his wine with unaccustomed zeal, and became intoxicated, all for his good. The heir of Alburn was as sober as ever. They rode his maddest horses, leaped fences, walls and chasms, and sometimes periled legs and arms, and even their heads, merely to gratify him—all without avail. True, when Dan Fleetflyer broke his neck in a fox chase, Alburn actually appeared entertained, but in six hours he was as melancholy as before. By following Dan's example, the heir's twelve companions who were left, could, at that rate, have kept him in good humor only three days; and the bare idea of contributing four necks a day to his amusement, was not certainly very encouraging.

Now, when Dan Fleetflyer was comfortably under the sod, and the pleasant excitement attendant on his exit from the world was over, Alburn remembered that he was the hardest rider, the hardest drinker, and the most fastidious reveller of all his comrades, and consequently his most valuable man.

"What did that ungrateful wretch want to break his neck for?" growled the heir, on returning one morning from a dull and unsuccessful hunt. "I would rather have lost any six fellows of the devil's own picking. Nay, Dan was worth more than all of you, with your vast stomachs, red noses, and insipid nonsense."

These words were overheard by the heir's companions, but so far from taking offence at them, they sought to restore his good humor by praising boisterous Dan, and repeating some of his most admired sayings. Alburn was only the more angry.

"Don't exaggerate my loss, or I shall send some of you to keep Dan company!" he said, with an oath.

So the heir's followers were silent; and he, with wrath and desperation in his heart, led the way down a long hill, in the direction of the Alburn House.

At the foot of the hill was a small humble cottage, standing on the Alburn estate, with its doorway fronting the south. As the heir passed by, the happy voice of a female grated harshly on his ear. She was a plainly clad woman of middle age, and she was singing a lullaby to the baby, in the cottage door. On lifting her eyes, and perceiving the dark scowl of the heir of Alburn, she ceased singing, and with an involuntary shudder, clasped the infant to her heart.

Muttering a curse, the misanthrope passed on, only to meet with another source of annoyance, which angered him more than the first.

The husband of the woman was sitting under a stock of corn, tearing the husks from the ear, which he threw into a basket. When the basket was full, he emptied its shining contents into a crib near by, singing all the time merrily as a cricket. Hard at work, in his stained and patched garments, he appeared as happy as a mortal could possibly be.

Every day, when he had passed that way, the heir of Alburn had seen that man working and heard him singing the same, but he had never remarked him so closely, and with such bitterness in his heart, as on this occasion.

"What stupid boor is that," he growled, "who has found in a hovel what I have sought for the world over in vain? Why is he so happy in his dirt and rags, when I am so wretched in luxury and splendor? He enjoys himself better alone than I with my sporting companions. To him labor is pleasure, while to me pleasure is labor. I will follow his example. I will dismiss my companions, and make my own happiness."

Accordingly the heir sent away the company of revellers, and for a month afterwards did nothing but hate the world and meditate on suicide; while all the time the poor cottager worked and sung as happily as ever.

One day the heir of Alburn, in his most bitter humor, called his steward to him and said:

"Who is this clown that lives under the hill, singing forever and ever?"

"Surely, sir," replied the steward, "you have not forgotten Joe Jarvis?"

"I did not call you, to have you ask me whether I have forgotten this man, or that man," answered the angry heir. "Tell me who and what is this man?"

The steward, too well accustomed to his employer's humors to be disturbed by them, replied in a quiet tone:

"His name is Jarvis, and I thought you must remember him, from the fact that he once saved the life of your father at the risk of his own. This was when he was a boy, but your father rewarded him as if he had been a man. He gave him yonder cottage to live in, and the twenty acres around it to work, as long as he lived, rent free."

"And the fellow never pays any rent?"

"No, sir—I never supposed you would think of doing differently by him from your father—"

"How dare you dictate to me!" thundered the heir of Alburn. "Go—bring this happy man to me!"

Alburn was sitting in the room which had been his father's study, in the midst of the long neglected books, when poor Joe Jarvis appeared.

The misanthrope looked up from the wine glass, in which he had been trying to drown the blue devils which haunted his brain, and scowled darkly upon the cottager.

The latter, holding his faded and bruised straw hat in his hand, bowed respectfully, and stood waiting patiently to know what service the heir of Alburn desired at his hands.

"You did me the honor to send for me, sir," said he, after a long silence, which the heir filled up with a scowl of hatred.

"I did," replied the latter, in a sepulchral voice; "and you have no more respect for me than to make your appearance in a ragged coat."

"Indeed, sir," rejoined Joe Jarvis, smiling ruefully at his working day garment, "I know very well I am not dressed for genteel society; and I assure you, sir, I should have run to the house and put on my Sunday coat—which I never wear except to meeting and on great occasions, and I have had it now six years—but Mr. Peters said you was in a hurry to see me."

"Well, well! I can excuse your dress; but do you mean to say you have only two coats?"

"I had three, sir—but since my wife cut up my old black one for Billy, I haven't but two; and, in fact, I do very well without any more, for I never wear one in the summer, though in coolish weather like this, when I go to a raising, or to town, I sometimes feel as if this shiny and patched old thing was hardly good enough to wear, while you know I couldn't afford to put on my best one. So I sometimes say to Polly—that's my wife—'If I only had a kind of a second best coat.'"

"And is there nothing you want more than a coat?"

"Indeed, sir, there are a great many things. I sometimes think it would be convenient to have—"

"Well, Jarvis," said Alburn, eyeing the cottager sternly, "what are those things?"

"O, it's no use to speak of them, or think of them, so I am contented without them; but since you have done me the honor to ask me, I may say I should like very much to have a new axe to cut wood with, since Billy has badly nicked the old one, by striking it into the ground; I would like to get little Polly a pair of new shoes for winter—and to be sure the weather is growing too cold now for the poor child to go barefoot—"

"Pshaw! don't mention these little things; tell me do you never desire a carriage—fine horses—a splendid house?"

"Ha, ha!" laughed the good-natured man, "how would I look in a fine house? What would I do with a great carriage? No, no; I was not brought up to these things, and though I've no doubt but they would be very pleasant, I don't desire them."

Alburn's brow contracted.

"So you are contented with what you have?" he muttered.

"I think I should be a wretch to complain," replied the cottager. "Thanks to your kindness, in giving me those twenty acres rent free, I and my family have enough to eat and drink."

"My friend," said Alburn, bitterly, "since you can be so happy with so little, you must do with less. I have called you here to tell you that from this day I can spare you only ten acres."

A shadow crossed the poor man's brow, but a moment after he smiled, with a tear still in his eye.

"Indeed, sir," he said, in a trembling voice, "I can only thank you for having given me the use of the land so long, and you are very kind to leave me the other ten acres still. True, Polly can't have the new gown she was going to buy, and I shan't be able to send Billy to school this winter—but I am sure it will all be for the best in the end. I thank you, sir, from my heart."

"Come, you have said enough!" growled the misanthrope. "Go!"

The cottager bowed respectfully and retired.

Alburn, enraged at seeing a poor man so much happier than himself, and at having for a moment, felt a glow of human sympathy in his heart, struck the table savagely with his fist, and called his steward, to whom he gave orders to have the cottager's land divided.

Feeling a fierce joy in the thought that this act must certainly curtail the poor man's happiness, Alburn rode by the cottage a few days after, to exult in the anticipated change.

Jarvis had that morning found a tree, which the autumnal gales had blown down on Alburn's land, and now, with the permission of Mr. Peters, the steward, he was cutting it into fire wood for the winter. Not observing the heir as he rode by, the poor man stopped to rest, and began to whistle in the most cheerful manner.

At the sight of such happiness, the misanthrope was more enraged than ever, and he immediately gave orders that the cottager should be compelled to pay rent for the ten acres which had been left him.

This was a hard blow for the poor man; but instead of complaining, he resolved to make the best of it, look on the fairest side of the picture, and frighten care away with singing.

Now the cottager had a large family, and the heir of Alburn knew that it must take everything he had to supply their more urgent wants, and pay his rent; but angered at seeing the poor man so much happier than himself he remorselessly allowed them to suffer. In the depth of winter Jarvis was compelled to sell his cow; and the proprietor of the estate was one day informed that the poor man's neighbors had actually been obliged to come to the assistance of his family which was very much in want.

"Peter," said Mr. Alburn, on the following morning, "send for Jarvis, and employ him to shovel out the snow from the avenues and paths."

The misanthrope rejoiced in the thought that now, if never before, he should have the pleasure, if such the feeling might be called—of seeing the poor man cast down with his misfortunes. As Jarvis approached, wading through the snowdrifts with a scoup on his shoulder, Alburn watched him with a dark scowl, and a lip curling with savage triumph.

To the rage and disappointment of the misanthrope, however, poor Joe Jarvis began to sing, keeping time with his scoup, as he threw up the snow. Alburn stamped his foot fiercely upon the floor, and ordered the cottager to be brought before him.

It was a cheerful apartment; a bright fire blazed on the hearth; there were books and newspapers on the shelves and desk, and wine on the table. The cottager smiled as he entered, for poor as he was himself, he was glad to think the son of his benefactor must be happy in the enjoyment of so comfortable an apartment. Alburn's gruff voice startled him.

"Are you a mortal man?"

Jarvis opened wide his wondering eyes, and returned Alburn's scowl with a look of amazement.

"If you are," muttered the proprietor of the estate, "you are an exception to the human race!"

"I beg your pardon, sir, but—if you will be so good as to tell me—what is my fault?"

"Your fault? Why you are always happy!"

The misanthrope spoke in a terrible tone of voice, as if he had been accusing the poor man of some horrid crime.

"So I am, I believe, now I think of it," replied the cottager, with a guilty look. "I am pretty generally in good spirits, and I hope you will pardon me since I never had any idea of giving offence. Really, I am a poor man, and I suppose have no right to be always happy; and if it displeases you, sir, I will try and not be so happy in future."

"I forgive your insolence," growled the misanthrope, imagining Jarvis to be a great deal more satirical than the poor man had any idea of being. "Sit down, sir, and tell me your secret."

"My secret?"

"Yes, Jarvis."

The cottager scratched his head. Alburn gathered his words.

"Indeed, sir, I have no secret," said the former, frankly.

"The secret of your happiness, Jarvis—tell me what makes you always so happy?"

"O, sir, indeed, sir—excuse me, but I can't tell, I never thought of the thing before."

"Listen to me," said the heir of Alburn House in a suppressed voice. "Twelve years have I spent in search of what men call happiness. Sometimes I have thought it was found at last; but howsoever fair the fruit, it was turned to ashes on my lips. I am weary of everything—even my jovial comrades, who make it their study to counterfeit happiness, I have dismissed in disgust. I have tried books, but they do not interest me. I take no pleasure now in the society of women, and wine has ceased to warm my heart. Friend Jarvis," added the wretched man, earnestly, "I have made you a confidant of my sorrows, that you may teach me the secret of happiness. Do it, and name your reward—if it be to take my place here in this magnificent house, and to give me yours, and *happiness*, in the cottage under the hill."

The cottager was much embarrassed. He scratched his head and screwed up his mouth in a great variety of shapes; and at length he said slowly and thoughtfully:

"I don't know what to say, sir, unless I tell you when I am happiest, and when I am least happy. If I am idle, or allow myself to envy anybody, or to desire anything I cannot have, then I feel uneasy like, and if I suffer myself to speak unkindly to Polly or the children, I am sure to be miserable afterwards. Now I'll tell you when I am happiest—that's when I am busy at something useful—when I feel that I am doing all I can to make others happy—when I am thankful for what God gives me, and contented with my lot. So I should say, if there is a secret of happiness, that secret is to keep your conscience clear, and to love and labor for the happiness of others."

Alburn cast down his eyes before the open, cheerful and animated countenance of the cottager.

"With my experience in the world, I am satisfied, my friend, that you have given me the true secret of happiness; and although it may be too late for me to profit by it, I will reward you with any boon in my power to bestow."

"O, sir," cried the cottager, quickly, "I ask, I desire no reward; only let me see you happy, and I shall consider myself richly repaid for anything I could do for you."

"And if you do *not* have the happiness of seeing me happy?" suggested Mr. Alburn, searching the open face of the poor man with his piercing eyes, "then you will not be repaid for your trouble."

"And have I not been warming myself by your beautiful fire all this time?" replied Joe Jarvis—"and haven't you been impressing on my mind a truth which I am sometimes near forgetting?"

"And what is that?"

"That happiness does not depend on wealth and station, and that it is often better to be a poor peasant than a powerful prince."

"Jarvis!" exclaimed the heir of Alburn House, earnestly, "you are an honest, sensible fellow, and more of a philosopher than all these dusty, calf-skin pedants that encumber these shelves!"

"O, sir!"

"For my part, I have deserved to be unhappy. My selfishness has been its own punishment, I have even hated you, my friend, because I saw you happy! I ask your forgiveness."

"I forgive you with all my heart!" cried the cottager.

"And from this day," added the heir of Alburn House, "the twenty acres of which I have cruelly deprived you, are yours again; and here, my good friend, is something to make your children happy."

Poor Joe Jarvis would have refused the purse of gold, but Alburn urged it upon him, and would not permit him to go away without it. The cottager almost wept for joy and thankfulness.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I told Polly it would all be right with us in the end."

Having dismissed the cottager, Alburn passed the remainder of the day in meditating on what he had heard. I need not say how much he regretted the twelve years he had thrown away in a worse than fruitless search after happiness, and how ardently he desired to profit by Joe's philosophy.

"But it is too late!" he said; "dissipation, selfish pursuits and misanthropy have unfitted me for happiness!"

Yet Alburn experienced certain feelings of satisfaction, such as he had not known before for years. The thought that he had done Joe Jarvis a kindness, produced a comfortable sensation in his heart, which surprised him; and had it not been for the bitter remembrance of his past career, Alburn would that night have been comparatively happy.

Resolved to forget himself, and to occupy his time in some interesting and useful pursuit, Alburn, on the following day, bethought him of a number of poor families in the neighborhood, who, report said, were suffering from the severity of the winter. Going to visit them and relieve their wants, he became deeply interested in the novel task, and the night came before he had scarcely thought of the noon. That evening Alburn drank less wine and ate more substantial food than he had done for many months; and on retiring to rest, he said to himself:

"Joe Jarvis has revealed to me the secret of happiness, after all!"

And feeling a quiet joy stealing into his heart, he sank into a genial slumber, from which he was awakened by the crowing of the cocks on the following morning.

That day Alburn paid a visit to the cottager's family, which he could not sufficiently admire for its order, neatness, unity and happiness. Another long and serious conversation with Jarvis strengthened him in his resolution to waste no more time in selfish pleasures, which are only the counterfeit of bliss.

In order to prosecute his good works to the best advantage, Alburn associated himself with an old man named Fisher, distinguished for his public spirit and his kindness to the poor, but whom the heir formerly shunned, with the repugnance which gaiety and folly are apt to feel towards sobriety and wisdom. Delighted with the sentiments Alburn expressed, the old man gave his hand a hearty shake, and proceeded at once to make him a confidant of all his plans of benevolence, and to give him necessary and useful counsel. From that time Alburn and his new friend were united in nearly all their operations; the former became interested in the churches, the schools and in all the public works, and, in a few months, he found himself engaged in politics, not from any low ambition, but from an ardent desire to do good.

So completely was Alburn's mind absorbed in his new pursuits, that he quite forgot to ask himself whether he was happy, until to his surprise, he discovered that he was as nearly so as he could expect to be in his present position in life. So complete a change had his ideas of life undergone that he was now convinced that *domestic bliss* was the most perfect form of all earthly happiness.

"As I have no mother, nor sister to cheer my hearth and home, I must find a wife, whom I can love, and in whose happiness I can take delight."

Now Mr. Fisher had a daughter whose cheerfulness and good sense were subjects of remark. Alburn had seen enough of her to be assured that report had not exaggerated her virtues, and to feel that she might exert an all-powerful influence over his heart. He sought her society; he portrayed to her the despair he had conquered, the aspirations he had conceived, his weakness, and his need of help. Her interest was awakened—then her sympathy—then her love; and in the course of time, they were married.

Everybody remarked the contrast between Alburn House, of the bride and bridegroom of Alburn House, of the days of hard riding and hard drinking—all was peace and happiness, where once was revelry and discontent. Percival Alburn loved his amiable wife, and from that time he was safe from the demons which selfishness fosters in the soul; but it was not until he was surrounded by children whom he loved, that he felt all the truth of Joe Jarvis's definition of the *secret of happiness*.

Keep your conscience clear, and love and labor for the happiness of others.

A HUGE PILE OF SERPENTS.

Baron Humboldt says: "In the savannahs of Isacubo, Guiana, I saw the most wonderful and terrible spectacle that can be seen; and although it be not uncommon to the natives, no traveller has ever mentioned it. We were ten men on horseback, two of whom took the lead, in order to sound the passages, while I preferred to skirt the great forests. One of the men who formed the vanguard returned at full gallop and called to me, 'Here, sir; come and see serpents in a pile.' He pointed to something elevated in the middle of the savannah or swamp, which appeared like a bundle of arms. One of my company said, 'This is certainly one of the assemblies of serpents which heap themselves on each other after a violent tempest. I have heard of these, but never saw any; let us proceed cautiously, and not go too near them.'

"When we were within twenty paces of it, the terror of our horses prevented our approaching nearer, to which none of us inclined. On a sudden the pyramid mass became agitated; a horrid hissing issued from it, thousands of serpents rolled spirally on each other, and shot out of the circle their envenomed darts and fiery eyes to us. I own I was the first to draw back, but when I saw this formidable phalanx remain at its post, and appear to be more disposed to defend itself than to attack us, I rode around in order to view its order of battle, which faced the enemy on every side. I then thought what could be the design of this assemblage; and I concluded that this species of serpent dreaded some colossal enemy which might be the great serpent or cayman, and they re-united themselves after seeing the enemy, so as to resist the enemy in a mass."

SKILFUL FINANCIERING.

Last fall, at the time when there was quite a panic about banks in Maine, a "rush" commenced upon a bank located in a town on the Kennebec. The principal director was absent at the time the "rush" began; but immediately on his arrival home he ordered the bank closed, and taking possession of the key declared he would devise a remedy, and that the doors should not be opened until his return. He then took a large parcel of bills, with abundance of securities, and started in the next train for Boston, where he bought about $10,000 worth of specie, of the smallest denomination he could get, chiefly dimes, half-dimes, and three cent pieces. Having secured these, he started on his return. As soon as the bank was again opened, the "rush" was recommenced; but the cashier, acting under instructions, doled out the three and five cent pieces to the discontented bill holders. The operation was not a very rapid one, as may be supposed; but by the time several baskets full had been carried off, finding the supply still inexhaustible, the timid ones gave in, "acknowledged the corn," and to this day the bills of—— bank are counted good as gold, and the director reckoned the shrewdest financier on the Kennebec.—*Portland State of Maine.*

THE JUJUBE TREE.

The seeds of this tree were imported a short time since from the south of Europe for experiment in the South. It grows in the form of a shrub, of middle size, bearing a red oval fruit about as large as olives, enclosing a stone of the same shape. They are sweet, but only eaten among us in the form of a paste. In Algiers the fruit ripens in the month of June, and is much sought after by the inhabitants, who consume large quantities, both fresh and dried, as well as in the form of a delicious paste.—*Washington Union.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO THE HAPPY.

BY ESTHER B. STRATTON.

Cometh there a shadow, ever
O'er thy light?
Grows the future darker, never
To thy sight?
Is it all a realm of gladness
Free and fair,
That thy brilliant hopes no sadness
Gather there?
Are there blessings gently gleaming
Sweet to thee,
Favored stars forever beaming
Dear to me?
Is thy life one dream of pleasure
Blest and gay?
Has kind Fortune strewed her treasure
O'er thy way?
Is the world so fond and loving
To thy heart,
That the ties of Friendship woven,
Never part?
Are thy hopes so brightly dawning,
Never dim?
Never crushed by earth's cold warning,
Gloom and sin?
Then turn to those whose hearts are weary
With their load,
Those who deem the earth a dreary,
Dark abode.
Turn to those, and let the blessing
Thou hast gained,
Cling close around their hearts—outpressing
Every pain.
Lend thy heart, love, gently twining,
O'er the soul,
Like a star in brilliance shining,
Bliss unfold.
Let the happy heart and blessings
To thee given,
Help to lead earth's weary wanderers
Nearer Heaven.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE FORTUNE-HUNTER.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

MR. ABRAHAM GUNTER was very rich. When a mere youth, he moved from the State of New York away to the far West. As a trapper, no one had such luck, for every spring he had a small sized sloop full of furs. Then in his latter days, he had speculated some, and to a wondrous advantage. In a small book that he carried hidden away within the bosom of his vest, was set down sums which he had now invested and secured, drawing all the way from five to seven per centum. And that column of figures was footed up, and in the result one would read something after this fashion, $1,400,000,00.

Abraham Gunter had now seen his fifty-fifth summer, and of kindred known to him, he had only one daughter. His wife and four other children had been lost by the burning of a prairie. So now, Abraham's love all centered in his sweet child. For Mabel Gunter was a beautiful girl. During six years that her father had been speculating in Texas lands, she had been in New York, living with a friend of the old man's whom he had met on the Mississippi. So Mabel had become polished, but not enough to wear away any of her real worth. Only the crust had been taken off, for she had been in true hands, and the jewel was not even marred.

And Abraham Gunter had come to Saratoga. His daughter had fairly dragged him there. He had been in his native State only six months, and though his ways were rough and strange, yet his companionship was pleasant, for he was full of fun and anecdote; and then people had discovered that he was one of the golden ones. To be sure, his wealth was not exactly known, but then people had their opinions about the matter.

Is it a wonder that Mabel was the centre of attraction? She was the loveliest girl at the Springs, for she had abundant health and native modesty to enhance her personal charms. But none of the thousand butterflies could make their way around the old man. He detested them. And yet Mabel was not an indifferent maiden. Far from it. A young cadet from West Point, was stopping at the Springs. His name was Philip Barrows, and he became acquainted with Mabel while she was living in the State before. He was a nephew of the very man with whom Mabel had lived during the six years that her father was in Texas.

But poor Philip dared not look the old western nabob in the face, he was penniless, and he feared to subject himself to the old man's scorn. His uncle, the very one with whom Mabel had lived, was paying his tuition and expenses at the military school, and that was his all of worldly expectancy. Yet Mabel saw Philip often, and they walked and talked together, whenever they could find opportunity. And the foolish things talked of love, and sighed, and vowed eternal fidelity, and such sort of stuff.

Among the crowd at Saratoga, was one who had not yet approached Gunter nor his daughter, but who had watched them sharply. His name was entered upon the register of the hotel as Rodolphus Gustave. He was somewhere about thirty years of age, dressed in the height of fashion, and sporting an immense quantity of jewelry, most of which had more show than substance. This individual made all the inquiries about Gunter he saw fit, and at length he resolved to "dive into the old gentleman's affections." He put off all his jewelry, procured a plain suit of hunter's clothes, a velveteen short coat, fox-skin vest, buck-skin pants, top boots, etc. And one pleasant morning he asked admission at the old man's door.

"Ah, Mr. Gunter, I believe," said Rodolphus Gustave, handing his cap to the servant, and bowing politely, but using not one of those foppish airs which had become so natural to him.

"My name is Gunter, sir," replied Abraham, looking up. He seemed pleased with the young man's appearance at first.

"I am very happy to see you, sir," resumed the visitor, seating himself.

"And your name?"

"Rodolphus Gustave. Funny name, isn't it?"

"Why—yes. I always thought *Gustave* a Christian name."

"So it is—so it is, my old friend. I have reasons for keeping the other name to myself."

"What may that be?" bluntly asked the old man, but without any shade of suspicion.

"Answer me a question first," said the young man, lowering his voice, and speaking very feelingly. "Had you not once a very dear friend?"

"Yes—several."

"But one more beloved by you than the rest?—one whom you left when you both were young?—one whom you have not heard from since?"

Abraham Gunter gazed fixedly into his visitor's eyes for some moments, and then he looked upon the carpet.

"Yes," he said at length. "I did once have such a friend. Brown, his name was—Jack Brown."

"And do you know what became of him?"

"No. I have never heard from him since I went away. That's a'most forty years."

"I can tell you," resumed Rodolphus Gustave, in a very sad tone. "He moved away to the South, and there he married. He had but one child—a boy. He lost his wife soon after his boy was born, and never married again. Six years ago, he died!"

Rodolphus took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes, as he ceased speaking, and the effect was very good.

"But the son?" asked Abraham.

"I am that son, sir. Ah! I have heard my father speak of you often; and once, about a month before he died, he bade me, if I should ever see you, to tell you that he never ceased to love the one best friend of his youth."

Rodolphus Gustave sobbed convulsively, and even Gunter's eyes were moist, for he now remembered his former friend more particularly.

"But," said the old man, after a pause, "why do you thus leave off his name?"

"Ah," returned the young man, smiling through his sadness, "I do it for my own peace. Let it be known that Rodolphus Gustave *Brown* was here, and I should be beset by every unmarried female and scheming mother in the place. A *million dollars* is a great bait!"

"Ah! then your father prospered?"

"Most excellently. Now, if I had your coolness and strength of reserve, I shouldn't care; I'd as lief they'd know me and my wealth as not. But as it is, I have no idea of being taken in for my money."

Abraham Gunter was delighted. He caught *Brown* by the hand and bade him welcome to his board and his heart. After this, the two conversed awhile there, and then they walked off alone together in the fields and gardens. The young man soon found all Gunter's vulnerable points, and he attacked them carefully, but bravely. He went into raptures over hunting and trapping, and swore that his old friend should visit him in the South.

"Ay, my noble soul," he exclaimed, "you shall make your home with me in the genial, sunny South. You shall there find a resting-place for your wearied limbs, and the evening of your days shall be spent among those who will care for you. My purse you shall use, and my home shall be your home. My father's best friend shall be a second father to me. If you want help here—now—I pray you tell me so. Perhaps your purse is low. You may have grown old, with no money to support you. Tell me truly if you are in need, for I would help you with joy."

"No, my kind friend," returned Abraham, with warm tears filling his eyes. "I have enough—more than I can ever use. But I thank you nevertheless."

"Then half my hopes of joy are gone," cried Rodolphus Gustave, half sadly. "But yet that wont prevent you from coming to my home."

Just before they reached the hotel the young man pulled Abraham by the sleeve, and stopped him.

"One word," he said, very lowly and tremulously. "You will not speak to your daughter of my wealth."

"Eh?"

"Excuse me, but I am under a most solemn vow that until I am married my wife shall not know that I am rich. You will not wonder that I have looked upon your sweet child with more than common emotions. Already do I love her, and at this moment would I place my all in her hands. I have long sought for one whom I could love and respect—one who could bring the smiles of peace and joy to my sumptuous home, and whose virtue should be her brightest portion. In Mabel I know I have found that being. O, intercede for me, if you can! O," and the tears rolled down his cheeks as he went on, "turn her heart to me in love, if it lays in your power! Her smile and love alone can make me truly happy!"

"By the blessed Mother of Waters!" cried the old man, in enthusiasm, "you shall have Mabel, if you say so. She shall be yours!"

"But she may object to me, you know?"

"What!—and disobey her father? You do not know her, sir."

Gustave was very happy, and in half an hour afterwards, he was in one of the bowling saloons, drinking cheap brandy, and rolling for "six-pence a string."

Poor Mabel was very unhappy. She had spent one evening with Mr. Rodolphus Gustave Brown, and when he went away her father informed her that she was to become that man's wife. At first she would not believe it; but ere long she was not only convinced that he meant what he said, but she knew that her father never backed out from one of his plans, unless he could see that he had been mistaken. Mabel argued and wept, but the old man would not listen.

"Pshaw!" he uttered, "this is all mere whim. You haven't picked out a husband, have you?"

"No, sir—not yet," returned the maiden, without looking up.

"Then it's high time you had one, for I want to see some of my grandchildren before I die. Mr. Brown is just the best man in the world, and he will make you the best husband. You understand. I have given him my word, and now, if you live one week longer, you will become *Mrs. Brown*."

"Then I must be married here?"

"No. Mr. Brown wants the ceremony to be performed in private. He objects to these big parties, and so do I. He does not want it known here that he is going to marry, for then he will be bored by a thousand butterfly-friends. He has kept his family name a secret, so that people should not know him, and thus know his vast wealth. But I ought not to have told you of this, for I promised I wouldn't. However, it's too late now. Ha! ha! ha! he wanted you to think him poor, so that you might love him for himself alone. But you wont let him know that you have his secret."

That evening, by some strange coincidence, Mabel and Philip Barrows chanced to meet in one of the gardens, and the poor girl told her whole story.

"*Brown—Brown!*" murmured Philip.

"Rodolphus Gustave," explained Mabel.

"O, I have seen him with your father, and I wondered at it at the time. He is one of the deepest villains in the country! His name is not Brown. I have seen him before, when his name was *Springer*. How did he work himself into your father's favor?"

Mabel told Philip all about it, for her father had told her. She told him about her father's old friend, and how this young man represented himself as that friend's son.

"I see—I see," said the cadet. "It is a deep-laid plot for getting at your father's purse."

"He told my father he left off the name of his family here, because he did not want to be bored by the females and needy males. He said if the people knew his real name, and that he was worth a million dollars, he should have no peace."

"A *million dollars!* Why, the villain don't own the clothes he wears!"

"And," added Mabel, "he made my father promise that *I* should not know of his wealth, for he wanted a wife who should love him for himself alone."

"O, the double-dyed villain!" exclaimed Philip. "He works his card well. By my soul, I don't wonder he wanted the matter kept quiet here, for he knows that many of the people know him, and that they would not see him carry away a poor girl into misery and shame. But you shall not suffer from him."

"No," uttered Mabel, while her heart beat now with hope, "I will at once tell my father all."

"Stop," interrupted Philip, thoughtfully. "Let's think of some surer plan. If you tell your father this, he will not believe you; and if you tell him that *I* told you he may mistrust our secret, and then swear that I have done it all for revenge. You know what the old gentleman is. If he takes a notion you wont move him. Does this fellow know how much your father is worth?"

"No, no one here knows save me."

"But they guess."

"O, yes. They feel sure he is worth over a million."

"Now mark me. This *Mister Brown* wants a wife who shall love him for himself alone. So you tell your father that you want the same kind of a husband. Get him to promise you that for once he will help you deceive this suitor. He cannot refuse you this, for surely he should have as much care for you as for him. You say he would have kept Brown's secret, had he not let it slip by accident?"

"Yes, he meant to have kept it."

"Then get your father to help you plan for Rodolphus Gustave. Make him believe that you will have nothing—that your father has only about enough to support himself, and then you shall see. And—I'll whisper a secret into your ears. I knew the Mr. Brown who was your father's friend. He died in New York—and he was my uncle. He was a brother of my mother, and I am sure your father knew her, too. My Uncle Willis, with whom you stopped six years, married another of his sisters, so Willis, you know, is only my uncle, by marriage. But I wonder how this scamp found out about John Brown?"

"He did not know anything about him, I now believe, until my father first told him," said Mabel. "He first asked my father if he had not once a warm friend—one whom he had not seen, nor heard from, since youth? Then when my father mentioned Jack Brown, as he called him, of course the wicked man was safe in claiming to be his son, and then owning the rest of his name."

Philip saw it all, and he laughed at the absurdity of the thing; and Mabel laughed, too, for she had lost most of her fear.

"Now, be sure," said the cadet, as the two were upon the point of separating, "and treat Rodolphus Gustave as though you accepted him freely. You will know how to proceed. Do not let your father suspect. Good night."

There was a pressure of hands as the two lovers parted, but Philip dared not claim a kiss.

On the next day Mr. Rodolphus Gustave Brown spent several hours with Abraham Gunter and his daughter, and Mabel was all life and animation. Both her father and Rodolphus were delighted.

Later in the day the father and child were alone.

"Father," said Mabel, speaking with considerable earnestness, "would you let my hand go to a man who you knew wanted me for my money alone?"

"No, by the Mother of Waters, I wouldn't!" exclaimed the old man, vehemently.

"And suppose Rodolphus should want me for your money alone?"

"Pooh! The thing's impossible, child. He's got a million of his own."

"Then he would be a sordid wretch indeed, if he could want me only for more money," said the fair girl.

"He'd be a contemp— But, nonsense! What put such stuff into your head?"

"Just a little plan of mine. He wanted me kept in ignorance of his wealth so that he could prove my love. Now you should be as kind to your child as you meant to have been to him. Why can't you help me deceive him?"

"Deceive him?"

"Yes. He does not *know* that you are wealthy, does he?"

"No."

"Then why, to please me, wont you help me deceive him? and if he proves himself to love me for myself alone, I will marry him without a murmur."

The old man laughed—then pondered—then laughed again—then hesitated—and then, just as his sweet child put her arms about his neck and kissed him, he promised to do anything she wanted.

That very evening, somewhere about ten or eleven o'clock, Mr. Gunter and his daughter returned from the ball-room, and Rodolphus Gustave accompanied them. Some remarks were made upon various topics, and finally the young man sat down by Mabel's side and took her hand.

"Angel of my life," he said, "I am happy, for I believe you have listened to my suit. You will accept the poor hand and heart I offer you?"

"Yes, sir," returned Mabel, trembling for fear her plan should not work.

"O, joy!" gasped the lover. "And you love me for myself alone. You know I am poor?"

"Poor?" uttered Mabel, starting.

"Yes. I have no money—no property, save health, strength and talents."

"O, I am glad of that," cried the maiden, with sparkling eyes, "for now there will be no deception. Now I shall not feel that I owe my husband support. We will work together, and by industry and prudence we may prosper. If I have been backward in giving my hand, it was because I feared that I might be accused of having sought a rich husband. Perhaps you might find a wife with money, but I do not believe you can find one more willing to work for you and aid you."

"You are—are—poetical!" said Rodolphus Gustave, with an uneasy, anxious look. "Surely I—I— But—ha, ha, ha—ho-ho-o-o-h-e-e-e—your joke is excellent. No money— ha, ha ha."

"I knew you would love me full as well when you knew the truth, and so I told my father," said Mabel, ingenuously. "I feared you might have heard the whispers and surmises which have been started here about my father's wealth; and though I would take no pains to undeceive those who care nothing for us, save for our supposed title to wealth, yet I cannot let you rest under such deception, though mayhap you never heard of it?"

"Really, Miss Gunter, I do not fully understand you."

"Why, my dear Rodolphus Gustave, it's all very plain. You are poor, at least, so says my father—and I am poor; so through life we shall have nothing to feed our pride but the noble emulation of who shall best work for the other's welfare."

"Do you mean that you are not wealthy? not rich—not—not—Mr. Gunter," the fellow added, turning to the old man, "what is all this?"

"My daughter has told you, sir," answered Gunter, not a little surprised at his young friend's manner.

"But you are reputed to be a wealthy man, sir?"

"So I am. That noble girl is a store of wealth."

"But you have money, sir?"

"A very little."

"You told me you had more than you could ever use."

"So I have, sir, for I can't use it. It lies in swamp lands in Texas that wont sell."

"But, you—you—have *something?*"

"Perhaps five hundred dollars will be left after my debts are paid, and I get clear of supporting Mabel."

"Then, sir, I have been most grosely deceived!" uttered Rodolphus Gustave, rising from his seat.

"Now, sir?" cried the old man, "arn't you going to marry my daughter, and give me a home beneath your roof at the South?"

"Take two beggars on my hands?" exclaimed the young man, indignantly. "No, sir."

"But remember your father—"

"My father be—"

"But my daughter is all that you could ask," said Gunter, mastering his indignation with one mighty effort. He saw through the gentleman now, and he meant to punish him. "You told me you only wanted the wife, to love and to honor."

"I am not in the habit of honoring beggars, sir, nor do I wish to connect myself with them. Your deception has been very pretty—very pretty, indeed! Perhaps you thought your daughter's husband would pay your bills at the hotel?"

The stout old trapper came very near raising a chair at that moment, and if he had, Rodolphus Gustave would have suffered some; but he overcame his anger, and in a strange, sarcastic tone he said:

"I do not think you fully understand what manner of deception we have practised, sir. You wished to know if my child loved you for yourself alone; and you know the means you adopted for proving it. Now my little Mabel took the same freak into her head, and I agreed to help her. You have seen how her plan worked. Perhaps after all my debts are paid, I should have five hundred dollars left, I told you, and I think I should, with perhaps a million and a half added to it."

"Ah—a—I—ha, ha, ha—" laughed and stammered the young man, strangely. "A fine joke, decidedly. 'Pon my soul, my old friend, you did it well; but you must admit that I drew the truth out of you most keenly. Ha, ha, ha. Ho, ho, ho—e-e-e-e— You thought I was in earnest. Good. Capital! Mabel, light of my soul—"

"There is the door, sir!" pronounced the old man rising to his feet, the whole truth having worked its way through his mind.

"But, ah—my old friend—"

"You are not wanted here, sir. I think you told my child the truth."

"I did—I did."

"When you told her that you were penniless!"

"Eh? No, no. O, no. I am—"

"A villain, sir! There is the door!" cried the old man, now showing his anger plainly.

"But my father—"

"Your father be—just as you wished him a few moments since. If you go soon you will save me the trouble of placing my hands upon you."

Mr. Rodolphus Gustave very sadly turned towards the door which his host had opened, but before he reached it, Mabel spoke:

"Mr. Rodolphus Gustave Springer—"

The villain started at the sound of that name, and turned pale as death; and the parent was astonished, too. But Mabel went on:

"If you had not told us the truth as you did, I might never have thought to try this test upon you."

"What truth?" asked he.

"That you are poor, penniless. For the future I would advise you to stick to one thing. If you will live in falsehood, never shame truth by speaking it. Yet I would hope that you might so far reform as never to speak falsehood more."

The rest of that night, Mr. Rodolphus Gustave Springer spent in drinking brandy and cursing his own fate.

Three days after the events last recorded, two police officers visited the Springs, but they did not stop long. When they went away, they had persuaded Rodolphus Gustave to accompany them.

"By the great Mother of Waters!" ejaculated Abraham Gunter, after he had seen the hero marched off, "I'll never again pretend to say who my girl shall marry. I believe her own instincts are sharper than my eyes; and in the matter of husbands, bless me, if I believe a right down sensible woman needs any help."

On the next day, Mr. Nathan Willis arrived at the hotel. He was the man who had kept Mabel so long. In the evening Mr. Willis presented his nephew, Philip Barrows.

"You remember Lizzie Brown?" said Willis, after he had introduced Philip.

"Lizzie! Why, she was Jack's sister?"

"Yes."

"Of course I remember her!" uttered the old man, warmly. "Little Lizzie—she was one of my warmest friends. But she's gone now!"

"Yes, and this is her only child."

"What—Philip?" cried the old man.

"Yes."

Abraham Gunter grasped the young cadet by the hand, and when Mabel saw the energy and affection of her father's greeting, she turned away her head to hide her emotions.

"And you are Lizzie's child?" uttered the old gentleman, still shaking the youth by the hand. "Now, Mabel, we've found one of the pure stock. Go and talk with my daughter, sir. And you, Mabel, may tell him all about Mr. Rodolphus Gustave, while we old folks find out the news."

Philip and Mabel talked to some purpose, for in one week the cadet asked Abraham if he might have his child.

"As• her," said the old man.

"I have, sir."

"And what did she say?"

"She said—if you were willing."

"What does your uncle say?"

"He says I'm a fool!"

"For what?"

"To think you'd give your child away to a poor, penniless fellow like me."

"You go and tell Willis he's a f—— But no. He shall come to the wedding. But you wont go back to West Point any more?"

"No, sir."

"You'll settle down and stay at home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then Mabel's yours."

Shortly afterwards people knew very nearly how much Abraham Gunter was worth, but he was free from annoyance, for Mabel was the only channel through which his vast wealth could be reached, and she was his to dispose of no more, for Philip Barrows had fixed his own name upon her for life.

The old man still lives with his children, almost—perhaps quite—as happy as before that dreadful fire swept down the prairie; and be sure if you visit him, and sit one hour in his presence, you will have to listen to the story of Mr. Rodolphus Gustave Springer, *the Fortune-Hunter*.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

IRONTHORPE. By PAUL CRETTON. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

This is a small book of 200 pages, in Creyton's most genial style. It is religious in its influence, and just such a book as a parent would be proud to present to a beloved child. It is highly interesting, and abounds with so much pure humor, that it is sure of being read to the end.

TALES FOR THE MARINES. By HARRY GRINGO. Published by Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

This is decidedly the best "Sea Book" that we have ever read. It is at times witty, original, thrilling, pathetic and spirited. Perhaps we may blush to tell the secret, but the author is Lieut. Wise, U. S. N., son-in-law of the Hon. Edward Everett, and the book is fully worthy its high associations.

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MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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✎ ✎ All communications designed for publication in the paper, must be addressed to M. M. BALLOU, BOSTON, MASS., *proprietor of* THE FLAG OF OUR UNION, *post paid.*

CONTENTS OF OUR NEXT NUMBER.

"The Robber Baron," a tale by PHILIP LEE, JR.
"The Prize Leap," a sketch by Mrs. E. WELLMONT.
"Curing a Joker," a story by AUSTIN C. BURDICK.
"The Tailor's Wish," a tale by MARTIN S. WING.
"The Indian Lover," a story by BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.
"Love," a poem.
"Summer," STANZAS by MARY DELL.
"My Childhood's Home," verses by TAMAR A. KENNEDY.
"Give me Sweet Music," lines by T. D. WILKINS.

ARTICLES DECLINED.

"A Mock Trial," "My Country Home," "Lines to E. J. C.," "Punishmenton," "Scotch Ballad," "Lines to my Brother," "The Orphan Boy's Revenge," "Stanzas," "The Grand Old Hill," "Mel," "Spirit Communings," "The May Queen," and "Close of Day."

THE RICH MEN OF NEW YORK.

John Jacob Astor was wont to say, that every man could be rich if he chose, and it was only the accumulation of the first two thousand dollars which occasioned toil and trouble, a very consolatory assertion for small capitalists, who are in pursuit of the root of all evil. The pecuniary success of many rich men of New York, who started with nothing, seems to justify the millionaire's proposition. The greater part of the rich men of New York belong to this category; many illustrations of this appear in Beach's "Wealthy Citizens of New York." According to this golden muster-roll, there are one thousand and sixty persons, whose aggregate fortunes amount to $296,550,000;—314 persons are worth $100,000 (each); 205 have $150,000; 159 have $200,000; 79—$250,000; 75—$300,000; 18—$350,000; 37—$400,000; 3—$450,000; 73—$500,000; 24—$600,000; 5—$700,000; 25—$800,000; 16—$1,000,000; 5—$1,500,000; 1—$3,000,000; 2—$4,000,000; 1—$5,000,000; 1—$6,000,000. William B. Astor, the Monte-Cristo of this list, is the son of the famous John Jacob Astor, a German emigrant, who came to New York in 1784, without a penny. Cornelius Vanderbilt, worth a million and a half, thirty years ago was a deck hand on board a schooner. George Law, who is set down for a million, and probably worth more, was a farmer's boy in his youth. The Lorrillards, who are worth over three millions, made their money by snuff—a proof that they were "up" to it. Stewart, said to be worth two millions, kept a small retail dry goods shop thirty years ago. Dr. Brandeth has made three hundred and fifty thousand dollars by pills; Townsend, three hundred thousand dollars by sarsaparilla; W. B. Moffat, five hundred thousand by pills and bitters; Pease, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars by hoarhound candy; Dr. Valentine Mott, two hundred thousand dollars by surgery; Parmly, a million by denistry. The stage has yielded Edwin Forrest three hundred thousand dollars, and will give him a small fortune yearly as long as he lives. William Niblo has made three hundred thousand dollars by his garden and theatre. Of the newspaper publishers of New York, we have the following representatives of wealth. McElrath, of the Tribune, is said to be worth one hundred thousand dollars; James Gordon Bennett, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; Sidney E. Morse, of the Observer, one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; Moses Y. Beach, of the Sun, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars; Orson D. Munn, of the Scientific American, one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars; Hallock, of the Journal of Commerce, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

It will be seen from the above facts, that there is no royal road to fortune—but that many paths lead to her golden palace. It is not, after all, the business that creates wealth, but the industry, energy, resolution, and self-denial—and it may be added, integrity—with which it is pursued, that commands success. And large fortunes, like those we have chronicled, do not long remain aggregated in this country. When the architect of an American fortune dies, his money is generally divided among several heirs, and the greater part of it is scattered by the chances of trade. It has been ascertained, with a sufficient approximation to exactness, that out of a hundred men of business, eighty die poor, ten in moderate circumstances, five with a handsome competence, and five worth a million. This is not the case in New York alone, but is based on observations of all the commercial cities. The wheel of fortune is constantly revolving. If the question be asked, who it is that builds those palaces on the Fifth Avenue, those magnificent country seats on the Hudson, or at Newport? who drives those three thousand dollar horses, or fit out steam yachts to Europe on their own account? the answer is, the people who have the best right in the world to indulge in luxury—those who have achieved their fortunes by intelligence, or hard labor, or self-denial. The inheritors of wealth are few and far between—the architects of wealth are many.

"SPORTSMAN'S PORTFOLIO."—Our subscribers are sending in, from all directions, for a copy of this taking and beautifully illustrated quarto. Enclose twenty-five cents to us, and it will be sent by return of mail. See advertisement in another column.

SUMMER.—Washington Street, Broadway and Chestnut Street, are now radiant with the summer costumes of belles of Boston, New York and Philadelphia. East winds have had their day, or now waft only blessings on their wings.

TRAVELLING.—People are pouring over to Europe in the Collins, Cunard and Vanderbilt lines. It is a fine time to travel.

VICTIMIZING EMINENT MEN.

We read a few weeks ago an account of an individual intruding on the domestic privacy of a distinguished American author, just as he was recovering from a severe accident. The man had come a lionizing, and was not to be baffled because his lion was sick. We believe he even grumbled a little because his lion did not show off better under the circumstances. This is not the case of a single sinner—it is an almost universal belief, that a great prose-writer or poet, a great singer or orator, belongs in his hours of repose, not to himself, his family and friends, but to the world. Literary men are perhaps more pertinaciously pestered than any other class. No sooner does a literary man work his way to eminence, and publish a great successful work, than he becomes public property. If every request for his autograph were granted, he would do nothing else from morning till night but sign his name; if every solicitation, or rather demand, for these applications are generally imperative, for locks of his hair as keepsakes, were received with favor, then would he be obliged to wear a wig, and devote his whole time to the raising of ringlets to supply the market. As for the autographs, we know one celebrity who manages admirably. He has had his signature, attached to a quotation from his works, lithographed, and is thus able, at comparatively little expense, to supply an almost unlimited demand. If the victim of public admiration live in town, he is rarely much annoyed. Every city has a plethora of great men, and one is unnoticed in the mass. If he live a little out of town, he can manage pretty well. The omnibuses that dump their load of starers and autograph-hunters at his gate, will, in a brief space, convey them back again. But as to the man who has pitched his tent at such a remote distance, that he is compelled to extend hospitality to unwelcome guests, daily will his privacy be invaded—daily will sketching misses hit him off in black lead as he strolls about his grounds—daily will the produce of his fields and trees disappear to satisfy the sharp cravings of the lion-hunters, who are by no means all ethereal, but have five craving senses, the same as lower animals. For the man who can endure such an apotheosis, and who shrinks from such notoriety, and whose purse cannot sustain the consequences of his glory, there is only one thing to be done; he must fly to Minot's ledge, and engage board with the keeper.

SHOCKING DEPRAVITY.

The would-be assassin of Louis Napoleon, on his trial, "gave no reason for his act except that he and his family had been ruined by the French invasion of Rome!" What a monster! Didn't he know that thousands of Frenchmen and their families had been ruined by the amiable gentleman, who now presides over the destinies of France, and yet that he had been blessed by the church, and received as the honored guest of England's queen and people? Stupid blockhead! Isn't it perfectly proper that thousands should be ruined, and millions made to lick the dust, that the son of Hortense may wear a fine uniform and have a splendid stud, and live in a palace, and lord it over the finest country of Europe? This is always the way with these vulgar dogs. They fancy that they have a right to life, liberty and happiness. Absurd delusion! To the guillotine with them! Long live the emperor! Long live the Lord's anointed! Long live the proprietor of the tame eagle! Long live perjury! Success gilds every crime. A garter on the leg, instead of a halter round the neck! *Vive Louis Napoleon! Vive l'empereur! A bas, ses ennemis!*

AN ODD FREAK.—An eccentric millionaire of Paris is amusing himself by the erection of a chateau covered with buttons. The walls, the ceiling, the doors, the exterior and interior, all are ornamented with this novel element of architecture. Buttons of every description, from the very origin of their invention up to the present day, have been employed in the arabesque and ornamentation of the walls. Every country has been ransacked, and some most curious specimens brought to light.

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT.—The new board of managers of the Washington Monument have issued an address to the people of the United States, imploring their sympathy and assistance in the prosecution of the work. The address says that the construction expense hitherto has amounted to $530,000; and that, according to the original estimates, a million dollars more will be required to complete the structure.

OMINOUS.—An ingenious individual has discovered that the initials of the four royal personages who recently met in England, the sovereigns of France and Great Britain, spell the name of the river of the Russian capital—N. E. V. A. We think it signifies that the allies will *never* take Sebastopol.

STRANGE SUICIDE.—Mr. Watrons Hubbard of Freedon, Ohio, some sixty years of age, burned a quantity of infidel books he said he had read to his ruin, and then deliberately cut his throat with a scythe.

STRAY CHILDREN.—The Boston City Crier's report states that 523 children, from two to six years of age, were lost in the streets of that city during last year, but all were eventually restored to their parents.

INGRATITUDE AND GRATITUDE.—Shakespeare said a forgetfulness of benefits was unkinder than the winter wind. A deaf and dumb man defined gratitude to be "the heart's memory."

CHINESE IN NEW YORK.—Within a few years past, there has been a considerable influx of Chinese into New York, so that they now number from 1000 to 1500.

HONORARY.—Dr. Shurtleff, of this city, has been elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Society of Antiquaries in London.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

In Roxbury they will have music on the green in front of Dr. Putnam's church this summer.

James Dacy was lately arrested on a charge of highway robbery in this city.

John B. Kilgore blew his brains out in Lowell from disappointment in love.

Burglars are abundant in Springfield. Colt's revolvers are the remedy.

The New Londoners are reaping a harvest in the Spitzbergen whale fisheries.

The foreign emigration to New York this year is about half that of last year.

Mr. A. S. Mansfield, of Dorchester, has been appointed State Liquor Agent.

California gold is again coming to the Atlantic shore in large sums.

There are signs of England's backing out of the present war on any terms.

The English have been much more successful than ourselves with screw steamers.

The hot weather is fairly upon us, and people are making for watering places.

A man affected with the Hen Fever, was lately arrested for stealing fowls.

Beating time with boots and canes at the opera is considered rather inelegant.

Seven hundred thousand lobsters are annually consumed in Boston, costing $56,000.

Mount Vesuvius is breaking out again. Lava must fall in consequence.

It is said that Poland is growing restless again. Who wonders at it?

Twelve hundred square miles of corn in the Austrian Bannat were lately inundated.

Henry W. Herbert thinks our rivers ought to be restocked with salmon.

Twelve hundred dozen eggs from the British provinces, came to this city in a single day.

The Lee Street Church society, Cambridge, are to build a new church.

Farmers should not bring guano in contact with germinating seeds.

Banvard, the panorama man, is ruralizing on his Long Island farm.

Quebec is to be the permanent head-quarters of the British troops.

Louis Napoleon, the rascal emperor of France, is fifty-one years old.

The late Legislature made Washington's birth day a legal holiday.

Queen Victoria will return Louis Napoleon's visit. Nice young woman!

ASSASSINATION.

The New York Leader, in speaking of the late attempt to assassinate Louis Napoleon, says: "Somehow or other, fellows who undertake to kill kings almost always bungle. Ravaillac, it is true, made sure work with Henry IV.; but then he did not trust to gunpowder. Since his time, there have scarcely been half-a dozen successful attempts at regicide. Peg Nicholson made a complete judy of herself, when she attempted to give his imbecile Majesty George III. the *coup de grace;* the scheme to blow up *the* Napoleon failed; Fieschi fired a whole battery of gun-barrels at Louis Philippe, without harming a hair of his *toupee;* the attempt to knife Franz Joseph, of Austria, resulted in a mere flesh wound; Queen Victoria has been twice ineffectually shot at, to say nothing of the late attempt to give her Majesty and Prince Albert a railroad summersault; and now the 'Nephew of his Uncle' has been made a target of in vain."

It is the consciousness of crime that makes the assassin's hand tremble. No villany on the part of a ruler justifies his murder. We must leave such fellows as Louis Napoleon to the legitimate indignation of an outraged people—not the unlicensed vengeance of an individual.

NICE CHUMS.

The foreman of the printing-office in the New York State Lunatic Asylum writes to a friend: "I have now with me in the printing-office the man who was foreman of it before I came. It is his third return in a state of delirium tremens. Here is Mr. Tacker, the Brooklyn editor, who, you remember, cut his son's throat, and attempted to destroy his wife. He has greatly improved since he came here. He has considerable talents as a writer, and is a very useful contributor to the Opal, a monthly periodical we print here, edited and written by the patients in the asylum. Besides these, I have with me at work in the printing-office, two drunkards, a glutton and an incendiary."

AN ANTEDILUVIAN EGG.—A few days ago quite a curiosity was brought up from the bottom of the artesian well, in Livingston, Ala. At a distance of 335 feet below the surface, and over 300 feet in the rock, an egg was found completely petrified, and perfect in shape, save where the auger had defaced it a little.

"THE ARROW OF GOLD."—It will be seen that we this week commence a novelette thus entitled, from a well known and popular author. Our readers will agree with us when it shall be completed, that it is one of the best we have ever printed. We bespeak for it more than usual attention.

HORSE VS. COW.—A poor cow somewhere in Virginia was in the habit of walking round a barn where some horses were kept, and thrusting her tongue through the crevices to lick meal. An indignant horse seized her tongue the other day and bit it off. Was this *horse*-pitality?

RETIREMENT.—Driesbach the wild beast tamer, has purchased a farm in Wisconsin, and taken unto himself a wife. He is *her* Driesbach now and nobody else's.

DEATH PENALTY.—John Romero, who confessed to have stabbed three men, lately expiated his crime on the gallows at Mobile.

POOR FUN.—The papers are continuing to befool Mellen and Pratt. The unhappy pair will be in straight jackets before long.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL
DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

(LATE GLEASON'S PICTORIAL.)

For the present week embraces the following contents:

"Philip Carrington," a story by SUSAN H. BLANDELL.
"Conquering a Sea-Dog," a nautical sketch by WILLIAM T. LEWIS.
"The Rifle Shot," a tale by FRANCIS A. DURIVAGE.
"Spas eat Yates," verses by JOHN G. SAXE.
"May and June," lines by Mrs. R. T. ELDREDGE.
"Macy de Vere," poem by A. ALPHONSO CLOTZ.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

View of the celebrated Suspension Bridge over the Niagara River.
A scene representing a street in Lucerne, Switzerland.
A view of the Market in Lucerne.
Representation of the Port of Bahia, Brazil.
The Chapel of San Gonsalo, Bahia, Brazil.
A series of representations of ten beautiful suburban residences in the vicinity of Boston.
Portrait of Edwin Forest, the American Tragedian.
A scene from the Opera of William Tell, lately performed at the Boston Theatre.
A large whole page picture, giving sketches illustrative of New England life and characteristics.

✎ ✎ The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

Foreign Items.

Louis Napoleon says he fears nothing so long as he has not fulfilled his mission; but when the Italian shot at him, "he ducked his head and spurred his horse."

The Nuremberg Courier states, under the head of Stuttgard, that the corporation of Baisengen, in the province of Horb, have sold their poor-house to the Jews, and sent their poor to America.

A war of extirpation is being waged against wood pigeons in Sutherland, England, on account of the mischief they do to growing crops. In the crop of one shot in Banffshire 650 grains of corn were found.

The train which conveyed the Emperor Napoleon to Windsor, on his recent visit to England, ran at the rate of seventy-two miles an hour; the distance was twenty-eight miles. Brunell, the civil engineer, managed the locomotive.

Dr. Payerne offers to build a submarine railroad tunnel between Dover and Calais, if any individuals or government will supply him with 140 submarine boats, 1500 workmen, 4,340,000 cubic yards of material, and 240,000,000 francs.

Mr. Gough, the great temperance lecturer, is about to return to America, in consequence of ill health. He intends to return to Great Britain next year, and remain in it five years, prosecuting the work to which he has devoted his life and energies.

A recent experiment with a new electric light has been made in London. Constant light equal to seventy-two gas argand burners was produced, and the cost was almost nothing, and the materials consumed were converted into valuable pigments. So says an English journal.

The correspondence of the British army in the East amounts to 45,250 letters received, and 43,125 sent monthly. A postmaster, three assistant postmasters, and several letter carriers, have been stationed in the Crimea; and eighteen horses and mules are specially employed for the conveyance of mails there.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Scandal is the reputation of the wicked.

An egotist is especially hated by all other egotists.

Miseries are endless, if we stand in fear of all possibilities.

To be angry with a weak man is a proof that you are not very strong yourself.

The only good that a miser does, is to prove the little happiness there is to be found in wealth.

Those who believe that money can do everything are frequently prepared to do everything for money.

A vain man finds his account in speaking good or ill of himself; a modest man never talks of himself.

Whoever moves you to part with a true and tried friend, has certainly a design to make way for a treacherous enemy.

Wise men are instructed by reason; men of less understanding, by experience; the most ignorant, by necessity; and beasts, by nature.

Men are as apt to defend their opinions as their property; and would like it as well to have the titles to their estates questioned as their sense.

The first step to reason is to feel the want of it; folly is incompatible with this knowledge. The best thing we can have next to wit, is to know we have it not.

When a man dies, people generally inquire what property has he left behind him? The angels will ask, what good deeds has he sent before him?

Solitude is the despair of fools, the torment of the wicked, and the joy of the good. It is alike pandemonium, purgatory and paradise—according to the soul that enters it.

There are men who may be called "martyrs of good health;" not content with being well, they are always wanting to be better, until they doctor themselves into being confirmed invalids and die ultimately, you may say, of too much health.

Joker's Budget.

"There are only two bad things in this world," says Hannah More, "sin and bile."

A lady describing an ill-tempered man, said: "He never smiles but he seems ashamed of it."

No woman drinks beer of her own accord—she is always "ordered" to drink it!

When a person is carrying a cotton umbrella, it is, curious enough, never his own property—he "has just borrowed it from a friend."

Charles Lamb hit the hydropathists when he said: "Water was as old as the deluge, only that the first great application happened to kill more than it cured."

There was not a little sound sense and business discrimination in the merchant, who, happening to see his son take from his till three cents to pay for a cigar, exclaimed authoritatively, "Book it, Joe—book it"

Fuding for want of flattery.—Lady Blessington once wrote: "I feel that I am growing old for want of some one to tell me that I am looking young as ever! Charming falsehood! There is a vast deal of vital air in loving words."

Every orchestra contains at least two musicians with moustaches, one with spectacles, three with bald heads, and one very modest man in a white cravat, who, from force of circumstances, you will observe, plays on a brass instrument.

The Journal humorously remarks, the board of aldermen having failed at two meetings to raise a quorum: "The city messenger stoutly averred yesterday afternoon that the aldermen were determined not to have *any* rum—no, not even a *quo* rum."

A merchant of a certain city, who died suddenly, left in his desk a letter, written to one of his correspondents. His sagacious clerk, a son of Erin, seeing the necessity of sending the letter, wrote at the bottom: "Since writing the above, I have died."

Quill and Scissors.

The entire edition of one day's Albany Evening Journal was lately printed on paper made of "basswood shavings." The appearance of the paper is everything that can be desired, and promises well for the success of the revolution in paper-making which the fact intimates.

A letter recently received at the State Department, Washington, from Oporto, Portugal, says that the produce of the wine district, in 1854, has been about 19,000 pipes, although there have been sent to the judges at Regoa samples of 49,000 pipes for approval.

R. D. Sheppard, of New Orleans, La., has given two squares of ground in the third district of that city for the erection of the town almshouses, and has promised to give $50,000 towards sustaining them when completed.

The State of Maine reports a decision of the Supreme Judicial Court to the effect that "the owner of flats, where the tide ebbs and flows, has no greater right to the clam fishery thereon than any other citizen of the State."

A rumor is quite current in Europe, and the statement has appeared in several foreign musical journals, that the United States have passed a law imposing a tax of *four hundred dollars* on each foreign musician visiting the country.

Madame Sontag held, when she died, $20,000 worth of United States stock in her own name. Her husband claims it through his attorney. Attorney General Cushing has decided that he has no right to it under the laws of New York.

The Ellsworth paper reports that seventeen sheep were killed at "Boggy Brook," in Ellsworth, by wolves. The sheep were not torn to pieces, the wolves having merely sucked the blood from their veins.

A Mr. Saltonstall, of New York, was called up in court to answer to a charge of stealing a kiss from a lady in Brooklyn, and would have had to pay $10 for his wickedness, if it could have been proved upon him.

It is said that the woodcock in New Jersey is building its nest, this year, in open and moist places; and old huntsmen predict in consequence that the summer will be a dry one.

Fort Scott, in Kansas Territory, with all the fixtures, was sold lately for $5000. It cost the United States government, not long since, the handsome amount of $175,000.

William B. Fairfield has been arrested for courting and engaging to marry a young woman residing in a street at Newburyport next to that in which he lived with his wife.

The Baker family of vocalists came very near being drowned at Merrimac in Wisconsin, while crossing the ferry in a carriage. Three of them were thrown into the current.

It is now becoming quite common for juvenile itinerant musicians to take places in omnibuses, and enliven the dull trip by spirited airs, at charity prices.

The "old Stuyvesant pear tree," in Fourth Avenue, near Thirtieth Street, New York, although 213 years old, is now in full bloom, covered thickly with buds and blossoms.

Miss Harriet C. Woodman, daughter of Jabez C. Woodman, of Portland, Me., has been elected Professor of Mathematics in the Female College at Elmira, N. Y.

The Mormons have established a settlement about thirty miles from Council Bluffs, Iowa. It is composed exclusively of families from the Western Reserve of Ohio.

The Montreal Telegraph Company have reduced their charges to Niagara Falls and Buffalo from 1s 9d to 1s 6d for ten words. This is a move in the right direction.

The catalogue of Antioch College has the names of six professors, besides other teachers, and 389 students, the present year.

Four Mexicans, who had committed an outrage on a family near El Paso, were captured, tried by Lynch law, and hung.

A steamer is to be constructed at once to run upon the Ontonagon River between Lake Superior and the mines.

There are one thousand acres more of hops in Otsego County, N. Y., at this time than there were last year.

Rev. Dr. J. L. Yantis, of Oregon, now on a visit to Missouri, has been elected President of Richmond College, in Ray County.

Two large and beautiful club boats have just been placed on Fresh Pond by L. Willard, proprietor of the Fresh Pond House.

The celebrated Gabriel Ravel and troupe will open at the Howard Athenæum on Monday, July 2d.

The Arkansas revenue for the year amounts to $100,000—the largest ever collected in the State.

The city papas of Lowell are to spend $2000 by way of jubilating on the coming Fourth July.

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Mr. Stone, Mr. John N. Chapman to Miss Hannah H., daughter of Luther Dana, Esq.
By Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. Benning Wilson to Miss Susan Seavey, both of Boston.
By Rev Mr. Bartol, Mr. Francis P. Freeman, of New York, to Miss Sophia B. Nickerson.
By Rev Mr. Richards, Mr. George H. Richards to Miss Mary L. Clapp, daughter of Stephen R. Clapp, Esq.
By Rev Dr. Cushman, Mr. Charles Langdon Gibson to Miss Margarette G. Smith.
By Rev. Mr. Robbins, Franklin Torrey, Esq., to Miss Sarah L. Spinney, both of Boston.
At Roxbury, by Rev. Mr. Murray, Mr Benjamin F. Bartlett to Miss Hannah S. Goss, both of Dorchester.
At Cambridgeport, by Rev. Mr. Skinner, Mr. William Hart to Miss Mary M. Wheeler.
At Somerville, by Rev. Mr. Williams, Mr. Thomas Higgins, 2d, of Wellfleet, to Miss Clara C. Paine, of Rasthau.
At South Reading, by Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. George W. Thayer, of Milton, to Miss Carrie C. Sanderson.
At Newburyport, by Rev. Mr. Fox, of Boston, Mr. Geo. B. Coffin, of Jamaica Plain, to Miss Hannah Balch.
At Bangor, Me., Rev. John S. Zelle, of New York, to Miss Caroline A. Prescott.
At Woolwich, Me., Mr. John Farnum, aged 63, to Miss Hannah Williams, 63, after a courtship of 40 years.
At Charleston, S. C., Capt. John C. Gibbs, of New Bedford, to Miss Sarah D. Cushman, of Middleborough, Mass.
At Savannah, Ga., May 1, by Rev. S. P. Jordan, Mr. Albert M. Phelps to Miss Aurusta S. Robinson.
At Steubenville, Ohio, by Rev. Mr. Nesely, Mr. Alexander Clark to Miss Annie Daughaday, all of Fort Homer, O.

Deaths.

In this city, Mrs. Catherine Jerauld, 29; Mrs. Julia J. Blaisdell, 19; Hon. Ezra Mudge, 76; Helen, eldest daughter of Henry and Mary Ruttveen, 4; Martha Wallis, only child of S. W. Waldron, jr., aged 2 years.
At Charlestown, Rev. James Shepard, City Missionary.
At Dorchester, Mr. Alexander J. Goodnow, 32.
At North Chelsea, Mr. Vincent Pinkham, 58.
At Malden, Mr. Gideon B. Moore, 43.
At Lynn, Mr. Wm. Bartlett, 54.
At Salem, Mr. Samuel Brown, jr., 70.
At Framingham Centre, Mr. Isaac Stevens, 61.
At Taunton, Mr. Albert G. Washburn, 51.
At Clinton, Wm. Henry Harrington, 28.
At Lowell, Capt. Elisha Ford, 70.
At Worcester, Mr. David A. Bernard, 53.
At West Milbury, Mr. Stephen Blanchard, 79.
At North Adams, Miss Sophia Robinson, 76.
At Pittsfield, Mrs. Patty S. Pixley, 74.
At Barre, Mrs. Susan Rice, 74.
At Tiverton, R. I., Mr. Richard Durfee, 62.
At Bristol, R. I., Benjamin Tilley, Esq., 72.
At Providence, R. I., Mrs. Abby Thurbur 83
At Winchester, Ct., Hon. Wm. S. Halsbird.
At Belfast, Me., Mrs. Lydia P. Frothingham, 65.
At Brooklyn, N. Y., Mr. Wm. H. Richards, 39.
At Clifton, L. I., Mr. Isaac Simonson, 94.
At Lafarge, N. Y., Mr. Patrick Hughes, 60
At Philadelphia, Mr. Theodore D. James, 22.
At St. Louis, Mo., Henry M. Knight, 15.
At Richmond, Va., while on a visit to her friends, Mrs. Sarah F. Pettee, of Roxbury, 67.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

FRIENDSHIP.

BY C. G. SAWYER.

Some birds are with us but for a season,
While summer is shedding its soft, blissful ray;
But when winter o'er us its cold wings is spreading,
They'll soar high above us, and soon fly away.

And so with some friends! they will hover around thee
While fortune is smiling, and light is thy heart;
But when the dark clouds of adversity gather,
They look at us coldly and soon all depart.

But there is one who will never desert thee,
While she on earth is permitted to stay;
If cold storms of sorrow or care should assail thee,
A mother will for thee more fervently pray.

Then let us always remember our mother
Comfort and keep her from sorrow and gloom;
And when she at last leaves this dark world of trouble,
With tears of affection we'll moisten her tomb.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE YARN OF THE WATCH.

BY EDGAR S. FARNSWORTH.

EIGHT bells had struck on board the ship Almeda. The watch had been relieved, and as all sail was set, and there was every appearance of pleasant weather for the next four hours, at least, the men comprising the starboard watch, all gathered round one of their number, an old gray-headed salt, and urged him to spin them a yarn. The old sailor took a long look to windward, then helping himself to a huge chew of tobacco, seated himself on the forecastle deck, and began as follows:

"Well, shipmates, seein' as how you want a yarn, and have pitched on me to reel it off for you, I s'pose I can't refuse, though it's a little out of my latitude. So, if you like, I'll give you a few scraps from my log-book, as nigh as I can remember. But the second mate is coming forward, and I guess there's work to be done; so I'll wait till we see what he wants."

The officer came forward and glanced at the head-sails, ordered a small pull at the flying-jib halyards, then went aft again—merely remarking to the man on the lookout, to "keep a good lookout ahead, there."

"Ay, ay, sir," was the response.

Old Bill again seated himself, and began as follows:

"Well, do you see, I was at one time one of the crew of the ship Argonaut, of and from Boston, bound on a voyage round the world. We were to stop at San Francisco to discharge our cargo, which consisted of most every kind of merchandize useful in that market, from dry goods to stage coaches; then proceed to China, take in a cargo of tea, and return home by way of Cape Good Hope.

"The Argonaut was a new craft, this being her first voyage, and proved to be a remarkably crank ship, which was a source of great annoyance to the old skipper, for when the wind was abeam, he couldn't crack sail enough on her to suit his fancy, without danger of upsetting her. Howsomever, she was a fast sailer, and when we were eighteen days out, we had overhauled and run away from everything in our track, including some of the crack ships from New York. The skipper had begun to think by this time that there wasn't another craft afloat that could sail with her before the wind, and calculated on about an eighty days' passage to California. But the next morning, when we were washing down decks, we sees a large clipper ship right astern of us, standing on the same tack, and overhauling us rapidly. The wind was very light, and what little there was, was dead aft. We had studding-sails set below and aloft, on both sides, and every stitch of canvass that could be carried to advantage, was set, and we were not making more than two or three knots at that; but she gained upon us every minute.

"The captain didn't think strange of this at first, for he reckoned the stranger had got a better breeze than we had; but as she came nearer to us, the old man swore enough to sink the whole ship's crew to the bottom of the ocean. We set taut on all the halyards, and hauled home on the sheets, and everything that could be done, was done, to make the Argonaut sail, but it wasn't no use; the stranger come right upon our starboard quarter, and hailed us.

"She proved to be the Sea Witch, of Baltimore, bound to California, and was then only eleven days out from New York, while we were nineteen days out from Boston, and had all the breeze we could stagger under until that morning. She kept alongside of us a few minutes, till our captain had got the latest news from home, then walked away from us as easy as if we'd been lying at anchor, and the last I see of her was at two bells in the afternoon watch, hull down ahead of us.

"Well, this made the skipper awful cross for a good while; for he hadn't calculated to be outsailed by anything the whole voyage round, and here he was beaten handsomely at nineteen days out. He declared that if it wasn't for being superstitious, he should think the ship was really a *sea witch*, under the special patronage of old Neptune.

"Well, we had a fine run down to the cape, and passed several clipper ships, but found nothing that could hold their own with us, excepting the Sea Witch. We had a fair wind all the time until we were within fifty miles of the cape; but our good luck wasn't always going to last. One day in the afternoon watch, it became suddenly calm, which is something so unusual for these latitudes, that I knew we would have to catch it before long. I was standing at the weather rail, looking to windward, when the captain came along, and says he, 'We'll smell Cape Horn to-night, Bill, or I'm no sailor.' I turned round to see who he was speaking to, for I thought it couldn't be me, it was something so uncommon for him to speak to a foremast hand, unless it was to 'curse his eyes,' when I see in a minute that the old man was half-seas over in more ways than one, for he was one of that kind of skippers who never *drink* anything, but *pour* it down; and, as little Ned Frost used to say, he thought he made such a rum-cask of himself, he'd float if he should happen to fall overboard.

"When I seed the condition he was in, I bid good-by to all hopes of any comfort till after we got clear of Cape Horn; for in all probability he wouldn't be sober again as long as we had bad weather. He always made it a rule, which I never knew him to break, to get drunk on the first appearance of dirty weather, and keep so till it got through blowing. Then look out for falling spars, for the way he'd carry sail on her was a caution to sober men. Well, sure enough, we did smell Cape Horn that night in earnest. The gale began in the dog-watch, and for forty-five days it blew a regular Cape Horn snorter, right in our teeth, with hardly an hour's cessation, and in the whole time we didn't make a mile on our course. The ship stood it well for a few days, considering that there was a press of canvass on her all the time; for the skipper swore he would drive the masts out of her before he would take in a rag of it; and carried studding-sails on her when he ought to have been under close-reefed topsails. But nothing of any consequence was carried away, except studding-sail booms.

"One afternoon I was standing just forward of the fore-rigging, when the fore topmast studdingsail-boom went in two, and the outer end of it came in-board, carrying away the rim of my tarpaulin, and making a hole clean through the deck. The skipper came forward to order another boom rigged out, but when he was just abreast the fore rigging, she pitched her bows clean under water, and the sea swept her decks fore and aft, and washed all hands clean back to the quarter-deck. The captain picked himself up, and started once more to go forward, when she went under again, and washed him clean to the taffrail. He'd been a goner this time, but the end of the mizzen royal clewline happened to be off from the belaying-pin, and the old sinner caught hold of that just in time to save him from going overboard. This sobered him a little, and he ordered the studding-sails taken off from her, and the topsails reefed. The reef tackles were hauled out, and the men were laying aloft to reef sail, when a sea struck her broadside, and stove her weather bulwarks into kindling wood, quicker than you can think.

"After that the old man was a little more careful about carrying sail for a while, but a few days after the weather moderated, so that we shook the reefs out of the topsails, and set the top-gallant sails. But it soon began to blow again bad as ever, and while we were furling the foretop-gallant sails, little Phil Low, a youngster who had shipped as ordinary seaman, was on the weather yard-arm with me, when the sail flapped back over our heads, and knocked Phil off the yard. He struck on the fore yard, and rolled off into the sea. The ship was put about as soon as possible—but it was no easy job, for there was a nasty sea running—and the quarter-boat lowered; but it swamped before it got its length from the ship, and all hands came near being drowned. Life-preservers and hen-coops, and everything handy that would float were thrown overboard in hopes that Phil might get hold of one of them, and keep up till we could take him off. We lay about there for an hour or two, but seeing nothing of him after he first touched the water, we finally gave him up as lost, and the ship was again headed on her course. Phil was a good swimmer, but we supposed he must have been hurt when he struck the fore yard, so as to disable him. Nothing of any account happened after this during the passage to California. We had a tedious passage, and instead of eighty, were one hundred and forty-five days on the route.

"When our pilot came aboard, the first question we asked him was, if the Sea Witch had left there. He said there had been no such ship in that port that year. We were all taken aback at this, for we supposed from her great speed that she must have got in and gone out again before this time.

"We come to anchor in the bay that night, and the next morning hauled up alongside the wharf. We had just got all fast, and the decks cleared up, when we sees a big ship coming up the harbor, in tow of a steamer. She hauled up to the next wharf with us, and a pretty-looking mess she was, too. Her foremast was gone close to the deck, her bowsprit carried away chock to the knight-heads, and her starboard bulwarks were gone. So I goes over to see what craft it was that was used up so, and come to find out 'twas the same Sea Witch that had given us the go-by so handsomely. She had a good run down to the cape, when she took a heavy gale, but instead of lying-to, the captain piled on the rags, and swore he'd drive her round. But the very first night, he run foul of a Spanish schooner that was hove-to, and sunk her with all hands on board. The Sea Witch was very much damaged, and leaked badly; but the skipper called all hands aft, and told them they could have their choice, either to let her sink, or take her up to San Francisco, for he was bound not to put into any port this side of there.

"While I was looking about her decks, who should I see come up from the forecastle, but Phil Low, the chap we supposed was lost off the cape." Here Bill was interrupted in the yarn by the second mate. The wind was hauling abeam.

"Haul in the lee fore brace," was the order given.

"Ay, ay, sir," was quickly responded, as the willing tars sprang to the work.

The yards were soon braced up, and the watch again seated on the forecastle-deck to listen to the remainder of Bill's yarn. Stowing away a fresh quid in his capacious mouth, he begun:

"Well, shipmates, I don't exactly recollect when I was cruising where I left off, but I believe it was where I see Phil Low coming up out of the Sea Witch's forecastle. I thought it was either his ghost, or else I was very much mistaken. Any way, I couldn't believe it was him, because I see him go overboard off the Horn; but shiver my timbers if he didn't steer right up to me, and hail me:

"'Well, Bill, says he, "what's the news aboard the Argonaut? How long have you been in?' and forty other questions he asked before I could answer a thing.

"'Why, Phil,' says I, as soon as I found tongue, 'I thought you were overboard off the Horn.'

"'Well,' says he, 'I was; but I had a chance to ship in this ere craft, and finding that a hen-coop in a heavy sea, wasn't the best sea boat that ever was, I come aboard of her. But I've most wished sometimes I'd stayed aboard the hen-coop, for you see this craft aint exactly in a condition to keep a foremast hand comfortable; and then, I was captain, mates, and all hands on the hen-coop.'

"Well, as soon as I'd answered his questions, we went ever aboard the Argonaut. As soon as our chaps see him, they were scared eenamost out of their senses; but when they found it was Phil himself, and no ghost, a jollier set of fellows never was seen aboard one ship than the Argonaut's crew, for Phil had been a great favorite with all hands. It appeared that when he fell overboard, he was not much hurt, but as soon as he rose he struck out for a hen-coop, which he managed to get hold of. He hollered as loud as he could yell, but we could neither hear nor see him. He was washed off the hen-coop twice, but managed to get on to it again, and seeing a bit of rope hanging to it, made it fast round his waist. He floated about in this way till he was almost dead, when the Sea Witch came along and picked him up.

"Well, we layed in California a little more than a month. The stevedore and his gang discharged our cargo, and we had nothing to do but go ashore and spend our time and money as we saw fit. The cook of our vessel, a Chinaman, on the passage out, ran away in California, and we shipped a big darkey in his place. He was, without any exception, the strongest man I ever saw aboard a ship. One day, on the passage to China, he caught a big shark, and hauled him in board as easy as if it had been a dolphin. Another time, when the men were carrying a kedge anchor from the mainmast forward—there was four of them hold of it, and they couldn't but just stagger along with it, a little ways at a time,—he come along and looked at it a minute. Then says he: 'Get away, and let dis nigger hab a lift.' The men stood back, and he took the anchor, and throwing it over his shoulder, carried it clear forward, and laid it down. 'Now,' says he, 'any time you want any anchors moved, don't sfrain yourselves liftin' 'em, but jes let dis nigger know, and he will move 'em for you d'rectly.'

"When we left San Francisco, the Sea Witch was lying there, just as she came in. They had not done the first thing towards repairing her, and in all probability, she could not be got ready for sea in less than a month. We made a good run to China, and was there about a month, taking in our cargo, and getting ready for sea. Phil Low didn't go in the ship to China. He said he wouldn't ship twice in a craft he couldn't go the whole voyage in.

"When we were four days out on the homeward bound passage, and right abreast of Hong Kong, we saw a large clipper ship standing out from the land. She soon came up on our weather quarter, and spoke us, and as true as I'm a sailor, 'twas that everlasting Sea Witch. We were all hands taken aback, for we had a very quick run to China, and when we left California she was lying there a wreck. Well, in spite of all we could do, she run away from us again, and we saw no more of her at present.

"When we got down to the Straits of Sunda, we stopped there to trade with the Malays for yams, sweet potatoes, etc., and to take in fresh water. While we were bartering with the natives, some of our chaps bothered them, and they went off mad. Just before we got ready to sail, I, and three or four of our chaps, takes a boat and goes ashore after another cask of water. We hadn't got a great ways from the boat, when a whole posse of Malays run out of a clump of bushes, and pitched right in among us, and as we had no arms but our sheath-knives, we thought the best course we could steer was to cut and run. The other chaps all got to the boat safe, but being in something of a hurry, I hit my foot against a big stone, and fell head foremost, and before I could gather myself up, the beggars were upon me. But I wasn't taken prisoner easily. I fought like a tiger, for I knew they wouldn't show me any mercy, if they didn't kill me on the spot. The way I flourished my old knife was a caution. Once I got clear from them, and got to the water's edge before they overtook me, but the boat was then some distance from the shore, and making for the ship. I should have plunged into the water, and tried my luck at swimming, but I saw several ravenous-looking sharks waiting to receive me, if I did; so I was taken prisoner at last, and had the pleasure of seeing the ship put to sea without me.

"Well, the first thing the lubbers did was to strip me of all my valuables—which consisted of a broken knife and an old tobacco box,—then run me back a little ways into the bushes to a big log that lay there. They laid me flat on my back on the log, then lashed me fast, and went off and left me. I certainly hadn't any objections to their leaving, for I thought when they were tying me to the log, it was all day with old Bill; but I wasn't at all pleased with the situation they left me in. Being lashed flat on one's back on a log, is not altogether the most enviable position a fellow can be placed in. I'd lain on deck many a time, watching the stars, but then I could get up when I got ready. But there I was tied so tight that I couldn't start neither tack nor sheet, and I was obliged to see stars, or close my toplights. I expected every minute the lubbers would come back, and either cut my windpipe, or knock me over the head with a cudgel; but such wasn't the case, for my cruise wasn't up yet. Well, I lay there till after dark, when it began to rain. This didn't make things any more comfortable for me. Being aboard a log, with one's face upwards, in a rain storm, aint quite the thing, now I tell you. I should rather have been aboard a hen-coop off Cape Horn, for then I could have the satisfaction of knowing that if some craft didn't come along and pick me off, I should die a kind of a natural death, any how; but to be killed here by these bloody Malays was entirely agin my principles, and something I wouldn't put up with, without making an attempt to get away. I wriggled and twisted as much as I could, but instead of getting loose, I sprained my starboard wrist badly, so I give up trying for the present, and waited as patiently as I could under the circumstances, for morning. Morning came at last, and with it Malays enough to man a seventy-four gun-ship; but they only came and tried my lashings, and seeing they were all fast, cleared out again, all the while keeping up a bloody pow wow, and making more noise than a whole ship's crew, singing, "Storm along, stormy," of a windy night.

"I thought it was mighty unkind in them not to bring me a little grub of some sort, for I hadn't had a mouthful of anything since I was pressed into their service, and somehow I got the idea into my head that they was going to leave me on the log to starve to death, for I hadn't a might better opinion of them than that. While I was calculating the chances of getting away, and considering which would be the most agreeable—to be starved to death, or roasted alive,—three or four of 'em come back and cast off my lashings, and stripped every rag of clothes off of me. But when I sees they were calculatin' to lash me to the log again, I concluded I wouldn't submit, without making another attempt to get away; for, to tell the truth, my back was getting a little lame. So I pitched into 'em, and if it hadn't been for my sprained wrist, I'd whipped the whole four of 'em, and got clear. But I soon found they were too much for me, for my starboard flipper was almost useless; so after a little persuasion in the form of blows, I give in, and was tied to the log again.

"Well, says I to myself, after they had cleared out and left me alone, here we are again, all the way from Shanghai. I tried to persuade myself that it was all for the best I didn't get away from the tawny rascals, for if I had, I couldn't got off the island until some vessel come along, and it was no ways probable I could have cruised about that vicinity a great while, without being taken again.

"Well, I was there four days, without a mouthful to eat or drink. My wrist was swollen badly, and pained me dreadfully. On the fourth day, just at night, I heard some one talking good English, and saying something about me, too. I knew in a minute that some vessel had stopped there, and the crew were ashore. I yelled as loud as I could for my life, but the kind of food I'd lived on for the last few days had weakened my lungs, so I couldn't make noise enough for them to hear me, though they passed by, laughing and singing, within a few fathoms of me. They hadn't been gone more'n half an hour, when I hears an awful racket a little further up ashore, and I knew in a minute the sailors were having a row with the bloody natives. Pretty soon after the noise begun, two big Malays come running up to my log, and untied me, and took me farther back into the bushes; but we hadn't got but a little ways, when we met smack, right face to face, about thirty of as smart sailor chaps as ever used a marlin'spike. My Malay friends let go of me, and tried to run; but it want no use. A few gentle taps over the head with a handspike, in the hands of one of the sailors, hove them to directly. The men all flocked round me and untied my arms, and there happened to be an old shipmate of mine among them. He knew me in a minute, and hailed me:

"'Well, there,' says he, 'may I never eat another mouthful of salt beef, if there aint old Bill Bowers! I was talking about you not half an hour ago, and telling about our cruise in the Polar seas, in the old Columbian. But, Bill, what in the name of all that's salt, brought you here among the bloody pirates? You haint turned pirate yourself, have you?'

"'Not exactly,' says I.

"As soon as I'd told my story, they took the two chaps that had me in tow when they come across me, and tied 'em both on the same log that I'd been aboard of, and gagged 'em. Then says I, 'If you've got a ship hereabouts, I'd like to go aboard of her; for to tell you the truth, boys, I'm eenamost used up.' They took me and carried me to their boat—they wouldn't let me walk a step, and in a few minutes more, I was safe aboard the ship Messenger, of Boston. When I'd got some clothes on the outside, and a little gruel inside, I felt much more like a seaman than I did any time during my stop ashore.

"It was a week after I went aboard the Messenger before I could stand my watch, and when I did get round again, bad luck seemed to follow in my tracks, and everything went wrong about the ship. The skipper told me one day, he believed I was a regular Jonah. The Messenger was a noble craft in every respect. She could not sail as fast as the Argonaut, but she was a much better sea boat; and I didn't care much for extra speed, for I wasn't in any hurry to get back to the States."

"But didn't you hear nothing more from the Sea Witch, Bill?" broke in an old salt.

"That I did," resumed Bill, "and you shall have it all in good time. But I guess from the appearance of things, I shall have to belay this soon, for I believe the wind is hauling ahead."

The old sailor paused, and scanned the horizon away to windward. In a moment more, came the order for going about.

The other watch was called, and while they were preparing to obey orders, the braces were thrown from the pins, and strung along the deck, the mainsail was hauled up, and everything got in readiness for going about. In another minute the men were at their stations, and the order was given to put the helm hard-a-lee, and as the ship came up into the wind, her yards were braced round, the jib and staysail sheets shifted over, the mainsail set and the bowlines hauled out, and the old ship was soon standing off, close hauled, on the other tack. By the time the ropes were coiled up, it was eight bells—time for the starboard watch to go below. So old Bill had to belay, and make all fast till the next pleasant night, when he again resumed his yarn:

"Nothing happened worth relating on the passage to Calcutta. The captain found orders there to go to Shanghai for a part of his cargo. On the passage up, a most narrow escape happened on board the ship. We were tarring down, and a Spaniard, by the name of Antonio Martin, had gone up to tar the main-royal lifts and foot-rope, and while he was laying out on the yard-arm, his feet slipped off the foot-rope, and down he come, tar bucket and all. Antonio fetched up on the main royal yard, but the bucket of tar kept on down to the deck, spattering the larboard clew of the mainsail all over. Just that minute the steward was going from the galley to the cabin, with the captain's dinner, when the bucket come, bottom side up, ride on to his head. His skull was so thick that no serious damage was done; but the captain's dinner got pretty well seasoned. Poor Antony was scared half to death, and well he might be, for if he'd fell to the deck, he'd never gone on to a royal yard again. It was almost a miracle that he didn't, but the ship was before the wind at the time, and the main top-gallant yard happened to be braced in a little, and to this carelessness in trimming the sails, Antonio owed his life; for if the yard had been squared in with the rest of them, he must have fell to the deck. When the mate first see the mainsail spattered with tar in that shape, he swore awfully; but when he came to look at Tony, he couldn't help but laugh—for there the fellow stood, covered with tar, and swearing away in choice Spanish about the old diving bell, as he called the ship.

"While we were in the China Sea, we were struck by a typhoon, which carried away our flying jib-boom, the fore and main top-gallant masts, and the mizzen topmast. She was thrown on her beam ends, and the second mate, who was going along to windward, was thrown across the deck, and against a spare topmast that was lashed to leeward, with so much force that he was disabled for the rest of the voyage. The cabin boy had just come up out of the cabin, and he was pitched clean down the after hatchway, into the between decks, bruising him badly, and breaking his left arm.

"After this, things went on pretty smooth for a while, and we had fine weather until we were within a day's sail of Shanghai. Perhaps some of you chaps never cruised in these parts, so I'll describe the lay of the land a little. Shanghai lays on the Woosung River, about twenty miles from the sea, and right at the mouth of the river lays a little town, called Woosung. A few miles below the mouth of the river, there's a sort of cape running out into the sea. Well, this cape aint much of itself, but the shoals there stretch out quite a piece from the shore. We made this cape one morning, and calculated to come to anchor in the river, at Woosung, that night, and the next morning lay up the river to Shanghai. But the old Messenger never went into that river. For two or three days there had been an English barque a little ahead of us, on our lee bow. The wind was pretty fresh on our starboard beam, and we could just keep to windward enough to double that cape, and stand clear of the shoals. But as we neared the cape, the barque stood up a little more to windward, and our skipper thought if he kept the ship off a little to leeward of her, we should get round and get into the river first, although we were then as near the shoals as we could safely go. Orders were given to the man at the wheel to keep her off a couple of points. The mate remonstrated with the captain, and told him he'd certainly have the ship on the rocks if he kept her on that course a great while; but the old man didn't take any notice of what he said. The wind by this time had increased to a gale; but we didn't take in a stitch of canvass. The Englishman had taken in all his light sails, and was now taking a reef in his topsails; so we were gaining on him every minute.

"The captain stood on the quarter-deck close to the man at the wheel. Once or twice the man, as a sense of the danger we were in came over him, luffed her up a little; but as soon as the captain saw it, he ordered him to keep her away, and stepping to the rail, took out an iron belaying pin, and held it over the man's head till we were within a few fathoms of the shoals, when he ordered the ship put about. But it was too late, she missed stays, and went stern foremost on to the rocks.

"The English barque got round safe, and came to anchor in the river that night; but there we were, fast on the rocks, almost in sight of port, and all for the captain's obstinacy in risking his ship, rather than be outsailed by Johnny Bull, as he expressed it.

"When the ship first struck she stove a hole in her bottom, and the water was fast coming into the hold. The sea was breaking over her, and the wind blowing a hurricane; so we knew that she must go to pieces before morning. There was no possibility of getting her off, as every sea that struck her drove her still further on the rocks; but we stayed aboard till a little after midnight, when we lowered the long boat. It was almost as dangerous to attempt to go ashore in her as it was to stay by the ship, but there was no alternative; so we all got into the boat, except old Davis, the carpenter, who said he'd rather take his chance with the ship than undertake to go in the boat. I took the helm, and by some good fortune that has always followed in my wake when I have been in great danger, I succeeded in getting her within a cable's length of the shore, when she struck on a point of rock that was under water, and tore half the bottom out. The next moment we were in the sea, without so much as a plank under us. The men were all good swimmers, but out of twenty-seven that were in the boat, only seven of us got ashore, and we were dreadfully cut and bruised. We had scarcely crawled back out of the reach of the waves, when the old ship went to pieces. The captain was among the missing, and we all thought it was about as well for him to be drowned, for the mate swore that if he came ashore alive, he'd murder him, and we didn't any of us feel much better towards him, for there we were, wrecked in a foreign country,

and everything we had lost—besides so many men being drowned—all owing to his obstinacy. We lay out on the coast till daylight, when we made the best of our way to Woosung. We found the English barque lying there, and her captain gave us a passage up to Shanghai. We got there at noon, and immediately presented ourselves at the American consul's office, to see if there were any vessels up for the States. We learned that there was a fine little barque, called the Huntress, lying there, that would clear for New York in a week; so we went right aboard of her, saw the skipper, and signed the articles forthwith. She had already shipped her officers, so the chief mate and myself shipped as common seamen. The skipper advanced us some money to get some sea clothes with; for we had neither clothes nor money, since the wreck.

"The greatest thing I see in China, was the way the Chinamen catch wild geese. The river at Shanghai is full of 'em most all seasons of the year. When the old Chinaman sees a flock of 'em light in the river, he goes up above 'em a little ways, and drops pumpkins in the river, and they float along down among the geese. It scares 'em a little at first, but they soon get used to seeing 'em, and don't mind it at all. Then the Chinaman takes a big pumpkin and scoops out the inside, and makes a little hole in the top for an air-hole, then puts it over his head, and wades out into the stream up to his neck; then he wades along slowly down towards the geese. They don't take any notice of him, for they can't see anything but the pumpkin. When he comes in reach of a goose, he reaches his hand up under and grabs him by the legs, and hauls him under water into a bag he has hung to his side; then goes to the next and serves him in the same way, and so on till he gets his bag full. Then he wades a little farther down stream, so as not to scare the geese, before he comes out. He repeats this operation till he has either got the whole flock, or they fly away."

"Now, Bill," said one of the listeners, "if I was to believe this story, there'd be one great goose aboard this ship, I'm thinking."

"Upon my honor, shipmate," returned Bill, gravely, "it's as true now as ever 'twas.

"But I'm getting out of my latitude, so I'll steer a little straighter, or you wont get the whole of the yarn this watch. I've lost my reckoning, but I was somewhere aboard the barque Huntress, bound from China to New York. The captain was as fine a fellow as ever walked the quarter-deck. The barque being in good trim, there wasn't much to do but to work the vessel, so he gave us watch and watch the whole passage, and a fine time we had. We were a hundred and two days out, and never lost a spar.

"One morning when we were running down the coast of Africa, and laying pretty close into the land, one of the boys who had been sent up to reeve the foreto'gallant studding-sail halyards, come down to the deck in a great hurry, and reported a curious looking object on the lee bow. We all brought our top-lights to bear in that direction, and we sees something black coming out from the shore, and making for us. It was then about half a mile off. Well, I runs and gets the harpoon, and bends a rope on to it, and stands in the bows, waiting for it to come up; for I was determined, whatever it was, that it shouldn't pass by without coming inboard and reporting itself, for, d'ye see, I'd a great curiosity to know what it was, for in all my following the seas, I never see anything that swum top of water, and made so much fuss about it as that did.

"While I was waiting for it to come up, the captain came on deck, with his spy glass, and after taking a long look at the crittur, lowered his glass and began to laugh as hard as he could laugh, and says he, 'Bill, I guess you may as well unbend that rope, and put the harpoon back into the locker, for that black thing coming up there aint no sea animal, but a regular live nigger.' Then he sung out to lower away the quarter boat. Well, I takes another look at the animal, and just then I heard him holler, so I knew it must be some poor fellow that was overboard, but how he come there was more'n I could make out. I run and put the harpoon back in the locker, and goes aft to get into the boat, but when I'd got on to the quarter deck, they'd got her lowered, and was shoving off from the barque; but I was bound to go in the boat, so I gives a leap overboard, calculating to strike in the boat, but they was a little too far off, and I went splash into the water. As soon as I came up and began to blow the water out of my mouth, the old skipper, who was mightily tickled, sung out, 'There she blows! Hand me that harpoon.' I thought he'd burst himself laughing, but I said nothing, and struck out for the boat, but just as I was going to put my hand on her, the crew, thinking they would have a little fun at my expense, gives a long pull at the oars and shoves her out of my reach, and I'm blowed if they didn't make me stay there in the water, till after they'd got the darkey aboard.

"Well, when I got into the boat, and got a sight at the darkey, I hope never to go up rigging again, if it wasn't Frazier, the big cook that shipped on the Argonaut, at San Francisco. We couldn't get a word out of him, till we got aboard the barque, and he'd rested a spell; but soon as he got in shape for talking, I asked him where the Argonaut was. 'Dibil a bit does dis nigger know about her,' said he. 'Las' time I seed nofin of her, she lay at St. Helena.' He told me she put in there for water, and that he went ashore. He had a little more brandy aboard than was necessary to make him feel good natured, when he met the captain as he was going back to the ship. The old man called him a 'black devil,' and told him to go aboard, about his business. On that the darkey knocked him down, and, says he, 'afore I let' him, I guess dis nigger wasn't no blacker about the peepers than he was.'

"After that, Frazier didn't dare to go aboard, but kept out of sight until the ship sailed. He soon after shipped in an English man-of-war that was cruising on the coast of Africa, and staid in her till the night before we came along, when he slipped over the side and swam ashore. The night was dark, and nobody saw him from the ship. The next morning, the man-of-war wasn't in sight, but seeing our barque, and thinking she was an American, he swam out to her. 'And now,' says he to the skipper, 'if you wants the services of dis nigger aboard your barque till you gets to New York, you can have 'em, free gratis, for nothing; if not, I'll go ashore agin directly. And I'se much 'blecged to you for lowerin' your boat, besides. Dis man can tell you whether I'se good for nothing or not,' pointing to me, 'he and I'se been shipmates.' 'Not very loving ones either, I guess,' said the skipper, 'by the way he made for the harpoon, when he see you a coming off.' 'How's dat?' said the darkey, rolling his eyes round to me. They told him all about it, and ebony was so tickled, he lay down on deck and rolled. 'Well, dere,' says he, 'dat's de fust time in his life dis nigger ever had so much notice took of him." I testified to his good qualities, and the skipper told him he could stay aboard the barque, but he'd have to go before the mast, for he'd got one cook already.

"After Frazier come aboard our vessel, nothing of any account happened till we got within a few days' sail of New York, though we had a great deal of fun; for I lost no opportunity of playing a trick on the fellows that kept me in the water so long, off the coast of Africa. One night, I managed to tie the whole lot of 'em down to their bunks, so that when the watch was called, not a man of 'em could get up, till some one had cast off their lashings. I knew nothing about it, of course, but I knew they mistrusted me, so I hauled in a little, till one day, just before we got into port, we was painting the barque, and it happened that some of the fellows that I owed the grudge against, was sent over in a boat to paint the outside. They didn't take any oars into the boat, but the painter was made fast to a belaying pin aboard the barque, and when they'd painted as far as they could reach, some one would cast it off and haul 'em along a little. As soon as I saw they hadn't got any oars in the boat, I thought it would be a fine chance to play a trick on 'em. I was painting on the bulwark inboard, and when they got abreast of me, and nobody was looking, I draws out my old knife, and cuts 'em adrift, then put it back into its sheath, and kept on painting. It wasn't but a minute before some one in the boat sung out, 'Aboard the barque, there, ahoy! throw us over a couple of oars, for we've got adrift.' All hands ran to the rail and looked over, and there the boat was loose and drifting away from the barque. The second mate got a couple of oars, and the first one he threw didn't go anywhere in the same latitude with them, so he threw the next one with all his might, and when it struck, it came endways, and I'm beggared if it didn't go clean through the bottom of the boat, making a hole bigger than a man's hat. This was something I hadn't bargained for when I cut 'em adrift; but I wasn't altogether sorry, for before another boat could be lowered, the boat sunk, and left 'em all kicking about in the water, and that was just what I wanted. I was one of the first to help lower another boat to pick 'em up, but somehow or other, the tackles was afoul, and the more I tried to get 'em clear, the more they was snarled up, so before we got the boat lowered, the chaps had all had a pretty good soaking, and I concluded I was about even with 'em. So after this, I let 'em rest. They all knew well enough who set 'em adrift, but they never liked to say anything about it, and the captain didn't know but what 'twas all an accident. But he told me, after we got into New York, that he guessed I had a finger in the pie, for he noticed I looked mightily pleased all the time they was in the water.

"The day after this adventure, the same Sea Witch that had spoken the Argonaut, when I was in her, came up on our weather quarter, and hailed us. She was homeward bound from Liverpool. It was my watch below, when she spoke us, but I came on deck to see what ship it was, and as she came along up, on our starboard side, who should I see, walking her deck, but the captain of the Messenger, who we supposed was drowned in the China Sea. There he was, walking the deck, with a cigar in his mouth, as important as if the lives of nineteen men, and a good ship, hadn't been lost for his carelessness. What ever became of him, after he got into New York, I don't know, but I afterwards found out, by inquiring aboard the Sea Witch, that just before she sailed from Liverpool, he had come there in a vessel from China. It seems that he got ashore safe, when we were wrecked, but kept out of our sight, and finally made his way to Liverpool, where he shipped in the Sea Witch for New York.

"One day, after we sailed for California in the Argonaut, I put some dirty shirts on to a tow line and hove 'em overboard, and let 'em tow awhile. When I hauled 'em in, I happened to think that I left my bosom pin in one of the shirts, and it had washed out. I felt bad to lose it, for it was a present from a friend that I thought a great deal of. A few days after we got into New York, when I went ashore for the first time, as I was going along up the wharf, I stopped to look at a big merchantman that lay a little further up at the same dock. As I stood looking at her, and admiring her build, who should step over her gangway, on to the wharf, but Phil Low. The minute I set my eye on him, I saw that bosom pin. I thought by the build of it, it must be mine, so I asked him where he found so much brass. 'Which do you mean,' says he, 'the brass in my face, or in this ere bosom pin.' 'In the pin, of course,' says I. 'I know how you come by the brass in your face.' 'Well,' says he, 'in the passage home from Shanghai, just after we got through the Gulf Stream, we booked a big shark, and hauled him inboard, and come to cut him up, I found this pin nicely stowed away in his locker. After a little rubbing up, it looked as well as new, so I brought it along.' He handed it to me to look at, and on the back of it I saw the first letters of the person's name that gave it to me. Then I knew certain it was mine. '"Young man,' says I, 'privateering aint my business, but I shall be obliged to take that pin off your hands.' So he gave it up, and I've got it now!

"A few days after this, Phil sailed in the Atalanta, for Valparaiso, and I haint heard of him since. As for my colored friend, I met him, shortly after, swelling down Broadway, with a flashy suit of shore clothes on. He told me he had got a situation as waiter, in one of the first class hotels, and was a gentleman now. 'And,' says he, 'I shan't go to sea any more, for they doesn't show respect enough to colored individuals.'

"As for the Argonaut, nothing was ever seen of her after she left St. Helena, and it is probable that she went down and all hands were lost. So it proved well for me, after all, that she left me at the straits, and after that, I've always thought that everything that happens is for the best, though I'm beggared if it always seems so at the time."

"Now, shipmates, you've heard my story, and if you haint been interested, 'taint my fault, for I told you, before I begun, that I wasn't going to spin a yarn made up for the occasion, but I've given you a few scraps from my log book, as nigh as I can remember."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE GOVERNESS.

BY T. A. KIMBALL.

"WANTED, a Governess. Apply at No. 22, Melville Street, Baltimore."

"Shall I apply for the situation?" mused Ella St. George, as she thoughtfully laid the newspaper, in which was the above advertisement, upon the table; "my little stock of money will soon be exhausted; I must come to some decision quickly, and I may be fortunate enough to find a good home." And she fell into a painful reverie, and thought of the happy time when she had no care for the future, when a kind father had protected her from every ill, a fond mother had gazed with pride and affection on her, and her brother had lovingly twined his fingers in her golden curls.

The tears started to her eyes, as she thought, "where are they now?" From her little window, she could see the white marble that headed her father's and mother's grave. And she had never heard from her brother, or seen him, since the time, five years before, when, on the eve of his departure for Australia, he had cut off one of the locks she prized so much, and pictured to her the future, and the happiness that awaited them when he should have become rich.

Mrs. Allen had just settled herself in the library of her comfortable home, for a quiet morning, having given orders that she should be denied to all callers, with the exception of the applicants for the situation of governess. The servant opened the door, and ushered in a tall, graceful girl, apparently about eighteen. She looked very beautiful as she timidly entered, her auburn hair hanging in rich profusion, her large blue eyes beaming with intelligence, and the purity of her complexion enhanced by contrast with the black habit she wore. Mrs. Allen arose in some surprise, and awaited the object of her visit.

"Madam, I understand you are in want of a governess?"

"Ah! yes; pray be seated. You saw my advertisement in the paper, I presume?"

"Yes, madam."

"Can you teach the usual branches of an English education, with the addition of music, Italian, and French?"

"I think I can, madam. I am a proficient in music, and can teach singing and the rudiments of French and Italian."

"Ah! Would you oblige me by singing, and accompanying yourself upon the piano forte?" said Mrs. Allen. "We will proceed to the drawing-room, if you please," and gracefully rising, she led the way.

Ella seated herself at the beautiful instrument, and commenced singing, with great sweetness, "The light of other days."

Mrs. Allen said, "you sing sweetly; that song is a favorite with me. I think if my terms suit you, I shall like you very well. My daughters are of the respective ages of nine, twelve and fifteen, and the salary I thought of giving is two hundred dollars a year."

Ella accepted the situation.

"If you like," resumed Mrs. Allen, "you can come this evening. You will take your meals in the nursery, with the children, with the exception of dinner. Mr. Allen insists upon the children coming down to dinner; of course, you will accompany them."

Ella assented, and taking leave of Mrs. Allen, promised to come at seven o'clock in the evening.

She now proceeded to the little cottage, where she had boarded since her bereavement, and busied herself the remainder of the day in making the necessary arrangements for her change of residence. Having completed these, and finding she had still an hour at her disposal, she strolled towards the little grave-yard that contained the remains of her parents, and she almost wished that *her* struggle in life was over, and that she was quietly sleeping beside them.

The time for her departure at last arrived; and stepping into the carriage she had ordered, was soon conveyed to the stately looking house that was, for the present, to be her home.

Mrs. Allen and two of her daughters had gone out for the evening, and Miss Lucy, the youngest, was in bed. Miss St. George was informed that she was to share Miss Lucy's room, and was glad to retire at once. Lucy was sleeping, and Ella thought, as she gazed upon her fair, sweet countenance, that she would not have much trouble with her. Hastily undressing, she joined her little companion; and fatigued with the exertions of the day, she was soon in a sound slumber.

The next morning, Mrs. Allen entered the school room, accompanied by her two daughters, Ellen and Genevra, whom she introduced to Miss St. George. "You have already made the acquaintance of Lucy, I perceive," she said; "I shall leave them entirely to your own judgment, as my time is quite taken up, and I hope you will get on well together." Miss St. George hoped so, too.

Twelve months glided away happily. Mr. Allen expressed himself highly gratified with the improvement of his daughters; and their mamma was glad to have the responsibility off *her* hands. They kept very little company, and with the exception of a Mr. Stanley, a constant visitor, Ella had not seen any strangers during her stay.

Herbert Stanley was a handsome, intellectual looking man, about thirty years of age, and possessed considerable property in the South. He had never had any chance of conversing much with Ella, as she left the room immediately after dinner, each day, with the two young ladies; but he was particularly attentive to her during dinner, and evidently admired her.

"Mamma, do you not think Ella very handsome?" said Lucy one day to Mrs. Allen.

"I don't know, child; what makes you ask me?"

"Well, Mr. Stanley said to pa that he thought her a lovely girl—that she had the grace of a fairy, and the prettiest blue eyes he had ever seen. Pa said he thought so too, and so do I; don't you think so too, mamma?"

"I don't know what Miss St. George is doing, to allow you to plague me now," exclaimed Mrs. Allen; "go up stairs, directly."

"We have finished our studies for this morning, mamma."

"Tell Miss St. George to walk out with you, then."

Ella little dreamed of the storm that was brewing overhead, as she dressed to go out with her young charges. Lucy looked very sad, and felt afraid she had got her gentle governess into some trouble, though she could not see why her mamma should be so ugly.

It was a lovely morning, and they walked towards the old mill, gathering the wild flowers on their way; Genevra playfully insisted upon dressing Ella's hair with the flowers, "just to see how they looked," she said, "as nobody would be coming that way to interrupt them."

They were thus pleasantly occupied, Geneva, in making her governess look like the "Queen of May," and Ellen and Lucy bringing her flowers, when they were startled by a deep toned voice, saying, "Good morning, ladies." Ella started to her feet, and the color rushed to her temples, as she perceived Mr. Stanley, smiling at her confusion. She tried to disentangle her hair from the flowers, but Genevra had fixed them in so well, that neither she nor her governess could get them out.

The gentleman proffered his assistance, though he said it was a pity to take them out, they were so becoming to her. They now began to think of returning to the house, and Mr. Stanley said he was going to dine with them, and with Miss St. George's permission, would accompany them home. Genevra smiled archly at her governess, and bounded away, followed by Ellen and Lucy.

Mr. Stanley and Ella entered into a pleasant conversation, and his animated countenance showed how much he was pleased with his fair companion. They reached the house just as the dinner bell sounded, and she and her pupils hastily ran up stairs to arrange their dresses.

After dinner, the ladies retired, as usual, and Mr. Stanley strolled into the library, and through the door communicating with the conservatory. He had not been there long, when he was aroused by the sound of voices in the library, and he heard Mrs. Allen say:

"I insist upon your leaving my house this evening, Miss St George. I thought, when I engaged you, that you were a respectable person, and not a detestable flirt."

Ella indignantly repelled the accusation.

"I tell you," exclaimed Mrs. Allen, "that your conduct towards Mr. Stanley was truly shameful, and he might well say, 'that you were a disgraceful flirt!'"

"Madam, I cannot believe that Mr Stanley would say so, as he has not had any opportunity of judging; and as to 'flirting with him,' I cannot tell what you mean."

"Never mind that. He said so, and remember, you leave my house to-night!"

Ella answered haughtily, "let it be so then," and was about to leave the library, when Mr. Stanley entered, from the conservatory, and begged her to stay a moment.

"I am sorry to have to contradict you," he said, addressing Mrs. Allen, "but I think Miss Ella anything but a 'flirt,' and I think she is, indeed, not suitable for her present situation; she might fill a better one."

Mrs. Allen flounced out of the room.

"Miss Ella," said Stanley, as he seated himself by her side, "will you permit me to ask a few questions, in a spirit of friendship, without attributing it to impertinence?"

"Certainly."

"Where do you think of going, upon leaving Mrs. Allen's?"

"I have not decided; my dismissal has been so perfectly unexpected."

"My mother would be delighted to make your acquaintance, Miss Ella, and you would be very comfortable with her for a few weeks. Do not let any feeling of delicacy induce you to refuse this temporary home. I am at present staying at a hotel, and would feel gratified if you would allow me to convey you to Evergreen Cottage this evening."

Ella felt uncertain what to do. She did not like to refuse Mr. Stanley's offer, he seemed so earnest and respectful in his desire to serve her, and she finally consented to remain with his mother for the present.

Stanley said he would come for her in an hour. Accordingly, at four o'clock (much to Mrs. Allen's annoyance), a carriage drove up to the door, and Mr. Stanley alighting, inquired if Miss St. George was ready. And, having taken leave of her young charges, and promising to write to them, Mr. Stanley helped her into the carriage, and they soon found themselves in the cheerful little parlor of Evergreen Cottage, his mother's pretty residence.

He introduced Ella, and explained the circumstances that had transpired at Mrs. Allen's. The old lady welcomed her with great cordiality, and assured her she would feel happy in her company as long as she would stay with her. She then rang the bell for tea, and soon after, Herbert, looking at his watch, said he had an engagement, and must leave them; but he would call in to see them in a few days.

When Ella came down, the next morning, she found Mrs. Stanley sitting at the breakfast table, waiting for her.

"Good morning, my dear; how did you sleep?"

"Soundly, madam. I hope I have not kept you waiting for breakfast."

"Not at all, my dear." Just then the servant entered with a beautiful bouquet, of the rarest flowers. There was a slip of paper attached: "For Miss Ella, with Herbert Stanley's compliments."

"O, how very beautiful!" exclaimed Ella; "how I love flowers!"

Mrs. Stanley smiled, and remarked that Herbert was always fond of flowers.

A week had passed away, and Herbert Stanley had not been to his mother's cottage, but each morning he had sent a bouquet for Ella. It was a fine evening, and the ladies were seated at the window, pleasantly conversing, when a barouche drove up, and Stanley bowed and smiled, as he alighted.

"Well, ladies, how do you get on? Ah! Miss Ella, you are ruining your complexion by staying in the house. Will you not ride with me, this lovely evening? come, it will do you good;" and coming nearer to her, he said, "I have something particular to say to you, and may not have another opportunity, as I leave for the South in a fortnight."

Ella's cheeks were rosy enough, as she left the room to prepare for the ride. She was soon ready; Stanley assisted her into the barouche, and waving their hands to Mrs. Stanley, were soon out of sight. For some time they rode on in silence; Ella admiring the scenery, and Herbert apparently lost in thought. At length, arousing himself, he said:

"Miss Ella, I told you I should have to go South in a fortnight; I shall probably remain two or three years; but I cannot go, without saying how much I esteem—how fondly I love you. Dear Ella, will you be my wife? the light of my southern home? If you refuse, life will indeed be a dreary blank;" and he looked anxiously for an answer.

Ella trembled, and said: "Mr. Stanley, you forget the difference of our stations in life. Your mother——"

"Will be delighted," he said. "Dear Ella, say at once that you will accompany me to the South, as my darling wife."

She was confused; but Stanley construed her silence favorably to his wishes, and tenderly drawing her shawl more closely around her, he turned the conversation upon indifferent subjects, and they were soon once more at Mrs. Stanley's. They entered the parlor together. Herbert's countenance was radiant with happiness. Ella was going to run up stairs, but he, gently detaining her, said:

"Dear mother, allow me to introduce you to my promised bride!"

The old lady was very much affected, and said: "God bless you, my children! May you ever be happy."

And now, need we say how beautiful Ella looked, in her bridal robe of pale blue satin and white lace, and the violets and lilies in her hair? Or how proud the handsome bridegroom looked of his lovely bride? and how the long lost brother returned to witness their happiness? No! We will leave all this to the imagination of our readers, and drop a curtain over the happy scene.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TOUCH NOT THE SPARKLING WINE.

BY JOHN K. THOMAS.

Touch not the sparkling wine, though red,
Though glittering in a silver-bowl;
Touch not the fiery serpent's head,
For at the last 'twill sting the soul.

O many a form of noblest worth,
With fond ambition's highest aims,
Have passed forever from this earth,
A victim, whom no prayer reclaims.

Ask wretched mothers, left to moan
Their husbands' doom and misery,
What caused their almost ceaseless groan?
Their answer is,—"Wine's flattery."

Ask dying orphans, cold and thin,
The reason of their forlorn state?
The tears flow fast, their eyes are dim,
"Alas, my father drank too late."

Go to the drunkard's, view his home;
The squalid misery there spread out,
Was caused by Wine's fell sting alone,
That it was so, say, who can doubt?

Methinks the ghastly forms of yore,
Enshrouded in the grave's dark gloom,
Come forth with conscience stricken sore,
And utter harshly, "drunkard's doom."

O youth, let not thy future life
Be filled with sorrow and regret;
Let not the first cup lead to strife,
For then the last you'll never get.

And silvery crowned old man of age,
Impart a lesson to the young;
Tell them, "Beware the red Wine's rage,
For from it fearful ills have sprung."

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A PASSAGE

IN THE LIFE OF MR. JOHN DOOKS.

BY FREDERICK WARD.

Mr. John Dooks is a gentleman of fifty, and a bachelor. From the early age of seventeen he has held the honorable post of clerk in a banking house, yet notwithstanding the long period in which his services have been faithfully performed, he, from some inexplicable cause, has never been promoted a single step beyond the original desk at which he first seated himself thirty-three years ago; others, who entered the establishment long after he had become a permanent fixture, progressed, and in due course of time became tellers, cashiers, and one of them even became the president of the concern; yet among all these, Mr. John Dooks remained a fixed star in the constellation of employees.

Mr. John Dooks being a bachelor, of course boards. He has occupied the same room, the same seat at table, and been in possession of the same latch-key—for which he has no possible use—that he purchased on the first day of his clerkship.

It is a queer, old fashioned boarding-house where Mr. Dooks resides. It has been kept as a boarding-house for nearly fifty years. When it was first established by the mother of the present proprietress it made pretensions to being very select and fashionable, and gave itself airs. The lady boarders appreciated the intense respectability of the establishment, feeling a proper degree of contempt for the lady boarders of other houses of less pretension; and elevating their select noses, in proportion as the houses at which their lady friends boarded could be compared with theirs.

As time passed on, the house became older—so did the furniture, and so did the boarders. Other boarding houses were established, which eclipsed it in the magnificence of its furniture, the selectness and gentility of its boarders, and it became a quiet, old-fashioned boarding-house; but one attempt has ever been made to restore its original splendor.

The old proprietress, after several ineffectual attempts in the shape of fits, finally succeeded in dying, much to the satisfaction of the undertaker, and surprise of her boarders, who seemed to think it very strange that a quiet, methodical woman, like Mrs. Stebbings, should so far forget herself as to create a scene among such respectable people.

The house now came into possession of her daughter, Miss Lucretia Stebbings, a lady dangerously near the verge of old maidenhood, who resolved to make a desperate effort to restore the fashionable reputation of the house, and get a husband for herself at the same time.

A great commotion consequently ensued. Immediately after the funeral had taken place, the old house was turned completely out of doors; new paint, new paper, new servants, everything was to be entirely new. "She was tired," she said, "of the old things," including her name; though this last was not said, but acted; as being more emphatic than mere words. New Brussels carpets went down, and gaudy damask curtains went up; new patent fire-grates were put in, and the old boarders were put out; so much put out, indeed, that they left in a body, and the old house was quite deserted for a while; but a new set soon took their places, and one of the new boarders was Mr. John Dooks.

Altogether, the lady had succeeded quite as well as could have been expected; all was accomplished which she had undertaken, with one exception; that one, however, was of great importance—Miss Lucretia had not succeeded in getting a husband. The frantic effort she had made was like the desperate flurry of a wounded whale, putting forth all its energy to accomplish something before resigning itself to its fate—failing in which, it dies quietly. So it was with her; feeling that any future effort must be equally unavailing, she settled down into a respectable, scandal-loving, boarding-house woman; and the new furniture, and the new landlady grew old together—the lady having much the advantage in the race.

Mr. John Dooks is considered a remarkable man by all the inmates of the boarding-house; he occupies the seat of honor at the end of the table, opposite the landlady; carves the fowl, helps to the pudding, and accomplishes various other feats during the dinner hour, in a manner that procures for him the admiration and respect of the whole household. At home, he is an oracle; every disputed point is referred to Mr. John Dooks, and from his decision there is no appeal; but without the limits of his own dwelling, he sinks into the veriest shadow of insignificance.

Mr. John Dooks's great fault and misfortune through life has been his unconquerable diffidence; this it is which has prevented him from rising in the bank, this which made him a bachelor, and it is this which has and will frustrate all his undertakings, of whatever nature they may be. Every one knows Mr. Dooks for a bashful man; he shows it in his looks, in his walk; his very clothes have a timid look about them.

You probably have seen Mr. Dooks, either as he was going from his house to the bank, or from the bank to his house. He always wears a black dress-coat, black pants, black vest, buttoned close up to his chin, and a black silk hat of last season's style, from under the rim of which his sharp, black eyes are looking furtively in any and every direction but one in which he would be likely to catch the eye of another person. He walks with a quick, shuffling, uncertain step, dodging about with the greatest agility, that none of the other pedestrians upon the sidewalk may be incommoded. After executing one of these manœuvres, in order that the apple woman, who wishes to pass him, may have the inside walk—for Mr. Dooks is scrupulously polite—he hurries on with downcast eyes, evidently wishing that there were no such things in existence as hands and arms, for he can find no possible use or employment for his; first diving them into his pockets, as if in search of something which he feared was lost, then as quickly withdrawing them with a jerk, impressing a spectator with the idea that his pockets are red hot; or he rubs his hands together as if in ecstacies of delight at something of which the rest of the world know nothing.

As you are going down town to your office of a morning, hurrying along with rapid strides, for you are something late, in turning a corner you run plump into little Mr. Dooks. Now although the fault was wholly your own, Mr. Dooks is overwhelmed with confusion, and blushing clear up to the crown of his hat, stammers some inarticulate apology, and hurries on again, not daring to look behind him, for he has not the least doubt that every person in the street noticed his clumsiness, and is at that very moment talking of it, and making disparaging remarks about himself.

Mr. John Dooks is not a bachelor at heart; on the contrary, he is a most enthusiastic admirer of the fair sex generally. It never was his intention to remain a single man through life, but he never yet has been able to put the decisive question; his miserable little shadow of confidence always deserting him at the critical moment.

At the time of his paying his addresses to Miss Matilda de Smith, I had great hope of him; but although he called upon her once a week for four years, and knew that the young lady's parents were desirous the match should be made, he never dared to approach nearer to a declaration than sundry vague hints, which no young lady of proper spirit would be willing to accept as a genuine offer of marriage.

At that time he used occasionally to go to church with the family of a Sunday afternoon. As my pew was directly opposite the one occupied by the de Smiths, it afforded me much amusement to watch him during the services. I am convinced that at such times he never understood a single word of the sermon. I remember one Sunday in particular. He was alone in the pew with Matilda, and having conducted himself much more like a man than I had ever known him to before, a malicious thought took possession of me, that I would try how far he had gained in confidence. The width of the aisle only divided us, so taking a large prayer book, I slily dropped it over the side of the pew. The sound produced was much louder than I had calculated upon, and drew the attention of the majority of the congregation to that part of the house from which the noise proceeded. I fixed my eyes attentively upon the clergyman, looking as unconscious as if I had been deaf, until the excitement had subsided, when I glanced out of the corners of my eyes at Mr. Dooks. Never shall I forget the expression of agony which overspread his scarlet countenance; I had serious fears that an attack of apoplexy might supervene. To crown all, before he had half recovered from this visitation, a couple of ladies walked up the aisle, and stopped opposite the door of his pew. He sprang up with the agility of a school boy suffering from the effects of a carpet-tack placed upon his seat, and darted into the aisle. Admitting one lady, he hastily followed her into the pew, and closed the door, leaving the second lady standing in the aisle. Upon perceiving this horrible mistake, he made another plunge for the aisle, trying to make amend for the oversight by making a very low bow. But this only increased his misfortunes, for in bowing *to* the lady entering the pew, he bowed directly *against* another lady passing behind him, nearly destroying her equilibrium. This was the finishing stroke for the rest of that day; Mr. John Dooks would thankfully have exchanged places with a musk-rat.

It was a great shock to him when Matilda de Smith married Mr. Samuel Sampson, although he acknowledged there was no one to blame but himself; and I happen to know, as I was formerly quite intimate with Matilda, that she would have much preferred Mr. Dooks, if there had been any possibility of his ever coming to the point, than to have taken up with Mr. Sampson, which she did wholly to spite Mr. Dooks.

A few days previous to his last visit to Matilda, he told me, in confidence, that he intended to bring matters to a focus, and should at the very next call he made upon the de Smiths, ask Matilda de Smith to become Mrs. Dooks. This being communicated to me in the strictest confidence, I of course lost no time in informing Mr. Artaxerxes de Smith, and Miss Matilda, his daughter, of Mr. Dooks's intentions, in order that there might not be the slightest impediment to the accomplishment of this daring enterprise.

As the eventful day approached, Mr. Dooks seemed to become more fully aware of the awfully momentous nature of the undertaking in which he was embarked. His appetite forsook him, he became excessively nervous and fidgety, and seemed to take a gloomy sort of delight in reading and talking of persons who had committed suicide for the purpose of escaping punishment, of avoiding anticipated troubles and reverses. The effect produced upon him was so alarming, it was with a feeling of real relief that I saw him, after spending the whole afternoon at his toilet, walk up the stone steps of a four story brick house, and nervously jerk a silver-plated bell-knob, inscribed with the romantic and imposing name, "de Smith."

Upon entering the house, he found the whole family assembled in the parlor—much to his relief, as it put off the terrible moment a little longer. Mr. and Mrs. de Smith used their utmost endeavors to make Mr. Dooks feel at ease. Mr. de Smith, particularly, surpassed himself by the inimitable manner in which he related his time-honored stories, and cracked his venerable jokes; the tact and skill which he displayed in making the anecdotes of his own courtship apply to the case of Mr. Dooks, would have done honor to a veteran diplomatist, and the boisterous "ha! ha!" with which he wound up nearly every sentence had an indescribably inspiring effect; in fact, Mr. Dooks, himself, said, "not one of the many times he had heard Mr. de Smith relate the same stories, had he known him to succeed half as well as he did upon that night."

Mrs. de Smith, in the early part of the evening, hurried off the little de Smiths to their beds, and Mr. de Smith, under pretence of having letters to write, soon followed, leaving Mr. Dooks and Miss Matilda alone in the parlor. The decisive moment had now arrived, and Mr. Dooks felt the terrible importance of the occasion.

Miss Matilda sat at one side of the fire (the de Smiths always used cannel coal in the parlors), busily engaged in knitting. Mr. John Dooks sat at the opposite side attentively examining the toes of his boots. Five minutes had elapsed since they had been alone, but Mr. Dooks could think of nothing to say. Making a desperate effort, he opened his mouth to speak, but, as it occurred to him he had nothing to communicate, he turned it off with a cough.

"Did you speak, Mr. Dooks?" asked Miss Matilda.

"No."

"O, excuse me."

"Certainly."

Miss Matilda resumed her knitting, and for the next five minutes, Mr. Dooks appeared to be wholly absorbed in the contemplation of a pair of cast iron angels, which decorated each extremity of the fender.

The fire was burning brightly, and the gas was neither too high nor too low. Mr. Dooks had meditated a remark about one or the other of these subjects, but as they were both in perfect order, there was of course nothing to be said. Just then the sound of carriage wheels was heard approaching the house; this broke the silence, which was quite a relief to Mr. Dooks, who listened with as much apparent interest, as if he had been a condemned criminal, and hoped the carriage brought a reprieve; as the sound died away in the distance, he returned to the interesting study of his boots.

"I understand Mary Jones is going to be married," said Matilda, in despair of Mr. Dooks ever saying anything.

"Yes, so I heard two or three months ago. Ha! ha! you don't say so! I'm astonished. Very singular circumstance indeed—very singular!"

Miss Matilda looked surprised. Mr. Dooks looked as if he did not know what he was talking about."

"Quite a long courtship, I believe, continued Matilda.

"Yes, I believe they have been some time at it," replied Mr. Dooks, fidgeting about on his chair. "Lucky fellow, that Thompson. I wish I was in his place.'

"I did not know that you were so fond of Mary Jones," said Matilda, apparently astonished at Mr. Dooks's avowal.

"No—yes—no, not exactly Mary Jones, that was not what I meant. I mean that I should like to get married to somebody else; he! he! he! somebody else."

"Then I should think you would marry, Mr. Dooks. I have no doubt that there are plenty of young ladies who would willingly become Mrs. Dooks."

"I suppose all young ladies want to get married, don't they?"

"I believe that is the case generally,' said Matilda, continuing to knit violently.

"Was you ever—that is, do you want to—I mean, should *you* like to get married?" and Mr. Dooks looked about as comfortable, and very much the color, of a half boiled lobster.

"Why, what a question, Mr. Dooks?" said Matilda, making a frantic effort to blush; but the thought occurring to her that it was only Mr. Dooks, she concluded not to exert herself.

"I should," continued Mr. Dooks.

"Then why don't you."

At this moment, Mr. Artaxerxes de Smith entered the room, and before the significant looks and winks of Matilda could send him out again, Mr. Dooks, thinking quite enough had been said, and feeling that his nervous system could not bear another shock, seized his hat and hastily retreated.

Mr. Dooks firmly believed he had made a declaration of love, and asked Matilda to marry him; the poor fellow had been so confused, that he did not know what he had said. I tried to persuade him to go and see her once more; but this he would not consent to do, saying, "that she knew what his intentions and wishes were, and if she was willing to marry him, would certainly write."

It was in vain I represented to him that matters of this kind were not conducted in such a manner, and that such an epistle would amount to the same thing as a proposal from her. But he would not be convinced, and persisted in the belief that her silence indicated a refusal.

Three months after that eventful night, Miss Matilda de Smith ceased to exist, and at the same time Mrs. Samuel Sampson set out upon her wedding tour.

Thus by his criminal bashfulness and timidity, were the whole lives of two persons rendered unhappy; his life, by being passed in single blessedness,—hers, by being tied to such a man as Mr. Samuel Sampson, who, I am sorry to say, did not prove to be the most exemplary of husbands. After making his wife excessively uncomfortable for a number of years, he finally took it into his head to die, leaving Mrs. Sampson very much in the condition of the widow of the late lamented Mr. John Rogers, who, it will be remembered, was burned at Smithfield some years since. That is to say, the resemblance held good as far as the nine small children were concerned; but here the analogy ceased, for, whereas Mr. John Rogers, having been thoroughly baked, by order of the government, has probably been cooling off ever since; while Mr. Samuel Sampson did not begin to cook, until that time, after his decease, when Mr. Rogers began to cool; and as Mr. Sampson was usually considered what is commonly called a "tough customer," it will probably take a very long time for him to be done completely through.

Another point of difference being, that while the descendants of Mr. John Rogers consider the fact of his being burned as an honor to themselves, the descendants of Mr. Samuel Sampson, compared with whom Mr. Rogers was only slightly singed (such is the inconsistency of the world), consider that the less said concerning the salamander like existence of their ancestor, the better.

Mr. John Dooks, although quite as sincerely attached to Matilda as he dared to be, has so far recovered from the effects of his first love, that a proposal for his hand (either or both of them) from any young lady, who would be willing to dispense with the tedious preliminary of courtship, would be thankfully received, and promptly attended to.

LENGTH OF HUMAN LIFE.

Those who are anxious to live long, will find consolation in the speculations of M. Flourens, whose book has lately excited great attention at Paris. He says: "I propose the following natural divisions and natural durations for the whole life of man: The first ten years of life are infancy, properly so called; the second ten is the period of boyhood; from twenty to thirty is the first youth; from thirty to forty the second. The first manhood is from forty to fifty-five; the second from fifty-five to seventy. This period of manhood is the age of strength, the *manly* period of human life. From seventy to eighty-five is the first period of old age, and at eighty-five the second old age begins. These periods all shade insensibly into each other, so that, in an actual life, we can hardly tell where the one ends and the other begins. They vary in length, also, in different individuals, and most men nowa-days become old and die while they ought still to have been in the period of early manhood."

The limits thus assigned by Flourens to the several periods of life are not wholly arbitrary, like those we generally talk of; on the contrary, a more or less sound physiological reason is assigned for each. Infancy proper ceases at ten years, because then the second teething is completed; boyhood at twenty, because then the bones cease to increase in length; and youth extends to forty, because about that time the body ceases to increase in size. Enlargement of bulk after that period consists chiefly in the accumulation of fat. The real development of the parts of the body has already ceased. Instead of increasing the strength and activity, this latter growth weakens the body and retards its motions. Then when growth has ceased, the body rests, rallies, and becomes invigorated. Like a fortress, with all its works complete, its garrison in full numbers, and threatened with an early siege, it repairs, arranges, disposes everything within itself. The new stores it daily receives are employed in fully equipping, in strengthening, in rebuilding, and in maintaining every part in the greatest perfection and efficiency. This period of internal invigoration lasts fifteen years (that of the first manhood), and it maintains itself for ten or fifteen years more, when old age begins.

A SHREWD CALCULATOR.

The consequence which ignorance often assumes, after a trip to Europe, or a seat in some State legislature, is happily hit off by the anecdote told of the old savan, when it was first reported that Professor Morse had been successful in conveying intelligence between Baltimore and Washington, through the wires of the Magnetic Telegraph. The old fellow had been his own schoolmaster and a member of the legislature, and gave it as his opinion that the report was "a humbug." In fact, from his knowledge of "astronomy," he said, he *knew* the thing could not be done! Shortly after, O'Reilly's men were seen setting up the posts directly by the old man's dwelling. One day he joined the crowd, who were witnessing the operation of stretching the wire. Upon being asked what he thought of the matter then, he hesitated a moment, assuming an air of importance, and then replied: "Well, gentlemen, while in the legislature I gave the subject considerable attention, and after much investigation and reflection, I have come to the conclusion that *it may answer very well for small packages, but never will do for large bundles —never.*"—*New York Express.*

RUSSIAN ENERGY.

The head engineer at Sebastopol is a young man named Todieben, who at the commencement of the siege was a captain and almost unknown. When the siege commenced, Prince Menschikoff, it is said, asked the then head engineer how long it would take to put the place in a state of defence. He answered two months. Todleben stepped forward and said he would undertake to do it, if he had as many men as he required, in two weeks. He did it in twelve days, and was made colonel. Since that time he has had the direction of everything in the way of building batteries, defences, etc. The other day the grand duke called upon his wife, who is residing in St. Petersburg, to congratulate her upon her husband's promotion, for he is now general and aide-de-camp to the emperor. The Russians adopt the common sense practice of taking the man who will do the work best.—*Letter from the Crimea.*

They who have the true taste of conversation, enjoy themselves in a communication of each others' excellencies, and not in a triumph over their imperfections.—*Spectator.*

Jester's Picnic.

Many of the Sophomore Classes in Yale College, in the winter of '29-'30, will remember, unless the reminiscence sickens them into forgetfulness, the delicious lunches in Church street, on rabbit soup. The delightful fragrance of that soup, for weeks, nightly greeted the olfactories of as hungry a set of students as ever "boarded in commons." It was a wonder, to some, how so tame a country produced so much wild game, but the "Sophs" paid for rabbit soup, and grew fat, until, most unluckily for the windows and crockery of the restaurateur, one night, a pile of heads, with short ears, divulged the fact, that where such rabbit soup was made, *cats were scarce.* Cat soup passed into a proverb.—*Cleveland Herald.*

A friend of ours met his neighbor's coachman looking remarkably facetious one Monday. As the man touched his hat, he said to him: "Well, John, what has happened to make you look so pleasant to-day?" "Why, sir," was the reply, "what do you think? We are a pretty lot at our house—that we are! I started with five of us in the old carriage yesterday morning. First of all I drove the young mistress to the Church, and then old master to the Westerans; next, I took young master to the Romans; my wife went to the Ranters; and when I had put up the horse, I took a turn myself with the Calvinists." We certainly did laugh outright at hearing the account of this happy family. The rainbow is nothing to it.—*Liverpool Albion.*

The indefatigable Digg has again enlightened the literary world upon the right meaning of another passage in Hamlet. The prince's inquiry of Horatio, "Hold you the *watch* to night?" leads the sapient doctor to the belief that the ghost came forth from the sepulchre for the purpose of doing a pedestrian match against time. His opinion is clinched by another remark of Hamlet's: "Perchance 'twill *walk* again."—*Boston Post.*

An irregular apprentice, frequently keeping late hours, his master at length took occasion to apply some weighty arguments to convince him of the error of his ways. During the chastisement, the master exclaimed:

"How long will you serve the devil?"

The boy replied, whimpering:

"You know best, sir. I believe my indentures will be out in three months."

The papers tell a good story of a lady, who, in reply to some guests that praised the mutton on her table, said: "O, yes, my husband always buys the best; he is a great *epicac.*" This reminds us of an old lady, who, in describing the death of her husband, said he died in an "*after-clap fit.*" Another lady always spoke of the return of the prodigal son, as the "*proud gal's* return!"—*Portland Transcript.*

Never marry for a fortune. We overheard a poor unfortunate get the following sockdolager, the other day, from his better half:

"You good-for-nothing fellow!" said she, "what would you have been, had I not married you? Whose was the baking kiver, whose the pig-trough, whose the frying-pan, and the iron-hooped bucket, but mine, when you married me?"

"Can you inform me where the office of the Ibid is, sir?"

"The office of what?"

"The paper called the Ibid."

"There is no such paper published."

"No! Why, down where I come from, the editors are continually taking first rate extracts from it."

The Irishman who wrote to his friend, informing him of the devoted attentions of his young wife during his sickness, couldn't hide a national tendency to waggery, as he added:

"Ah! Dennis, my boy, I'm more than ever convinced of the truth of the poet's remark,—that the whole world is nothing to a man, if his wife be a widow."

"Do you cast things here?" inquired a Yankee, the other day, as he sauntered into a foundry and addressed the proprietor.

"We do."

"You cast all kinds of things in iron, eh?"

"Certainly; don't you see that's our business?"

"Ah! well, cast me a shadow, will you?"

A comic writer in the California Pioneer says that on the plank road, near Southwick's Pass, an inn or hotel is kept by a Native American Irishman, whose sign exhibits the harp of Ireland encircling the shield of the United States, with the mottoes:

"Erin go Uprh."
"E Pluribus Bragh."

"Patrick," said a lady, to a slip of green Erin, who was officiating in the kitchen, "where is Bridget?"

"Indade, ma'am, she's fast asleep lookin' at the bread bakin'."

The height of imagination—To tie a mackerel to your coat-tail and think yourself a mermaid.

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M. M. BALLOU,
Corner of Tremont and Bromfield Sts., Boston, Mass.

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